

## Um Jammer Alphys

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/9706328) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/9706328>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">PaRappa the Rapper</a> , <a href="#">Um Jammer Lammy</a> , <a href="#">Undertale (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Alphys/Asgore Dreemurr</a> , <a href="#">Alphys/Undyne (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Alphys/Amalgamate(s) (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Alphys &amp; Chara (Undertale)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Alphys (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Undyne (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Papyrus (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Sans (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Asgore Dreemurr</a> , <a href="#">Asriel Dreemurr</a> , <a href="#">Toriel (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Muffet (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Nice Cream Vendor (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Burgerpants (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Gerson (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Amalgamate(s) (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Chara (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">W. D. Gaster</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - Undertale Fusion</a> , <a href="#">Dark Comedy</a> , <a href="#">Weirdness</a> , <a href="#">Comedy of Errors</a> , <a href="#">Weird Plot Shit</a> , <a href="#">Song Parody</a> , <a href="#">Song Lyrics</a> , <a href="#">Video &amp; Computer Games</a> , <a href="#">Crossovers &amp; Fandom Fusions</a> , <a href="#">Mind Control</a> , <a href="#">Crossover</a> , <a href="#">Brain Damage</a> , <a href="#">Anthropomorphic</a> , <a href="#">Insanity</a> , <a href="#">Hilarious</a> , <a href="#">Adorkable</a> , <a href="#">Shyness</a> , <a href="#">Inappropriate Humor</a> , <a href="#">Guitars</a> , <a href="#">Gallows Humor</a> , <a href="#">Rape</a> , <a href="#">Bestiality</a> , <a href="#">Murder</a> , <a href="#">Teasing</a> , <a href="#">Randomness</a> , <a href="#">Cartoon Physics</a> , <a href="#">Funny</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">Fanfictions</a> , <a href="#">Favorite Undertale Writings</a> , <a href="#">Made me laugh</a> , <a href="#">Needs More Dinosaurs!</a> , <a href="#">Romance Fanfics</a> , <a href="#">Undertale</a> , <a href="#">Undertale 18+</a> , <a href="#">Undertale NSFW</a>
Stats:	Published: 2017-02-14 Chapters: 9/9 Words: 27553

## Um Jammer Alphys

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### Summary

In perhaps one of the absolute weirdest, craziest and funniest video game crossover character-swap parodies (and fanfics in general) ever devised, the rich and colorful world of Undertale meets the batshit-insane, drug-induced and equally colorful worlds of Undertail and Um Jammer Lammy (the genderbent bastard child of Parappa The Rapper) in a story that, just like the original game (in fact, it even retains the same plot), is so fucking insane that by the time you're done with it, you'll have literally no goddamned clue what in the hell you just read. And you are going to love it.

#### Starring:

Alphys as Lammy Lamb  
Undyne as Katy Kat  
Gaster as Master Onion  
Chara as Teriyaki Yoko  
Underfresh Sans as PJ  
Papyrus as Fussenpepper  
Muffet as Kathy Pillar  
Asgore as Chuck

Asriel as Cathy's babies  
Nice Cream Guy as Puddle  
Toriel as Mooselini  
Gerson as Fleaswallow  
Timmie as Ma-san

# Chapter 1

## UM JAMMER ALPHYS: CHAPTER 1

One day in the fantastically massive man-made urban metropolis of New York City, just a few brief months after the events depicted in Chara's #1 New York Times best-seller novel *Undertale*, at the point when humans and monsters had finally officially decided to make a truce with each other and coexist together in perfect harmony, Alphys and Undyne (and Undyne's fez-wearing pet Temmie that she had personally named Temgnastic with a silent G, of course, because why not?) were all lovingly huddled together right next to each other in the very frontmost seats of the local Brooklyn movie theater and wearing dorky 3D glasses.

Surely enough, they were watching Mettaton's latest already-completely-sold-out (both in theaters and in local stores) and thankfully horribly-reviewed mass-produced joke of a theatrical superhero movie production, titled none other than *Super Mettaton IV: The Quest For Panache*, in which the current scene had Alphys trapped in the head of the Statue Of Liberty, about to be eaten alive by her own infamous Amalgamates that she had foolishly decided to bring with her as a way of keeping them safe while the entire city of New York was busy having very recently been completely burned to the ground by space aliens outside.

Meanwhile, Mettaton (in his new and improved NEO 2.0 form, rocket-propelled mechanical bat wings and all, no less) had been mostly busy flying around aimlessly like an idiot and showing off his drop-dead sexy mechanical David Bowie replica of a body to everyone through nothing short of all manner of utterly ludicrously flamboyant poses, only occasionally taking a brief (partial) pause here and there to mercilessly gun down and utterly decimate some UFOs and giant alien tentacle monsters with the convertible (not to mention downright retardedly overpowered) hand cannon on his right arm while everyone stupid and/or unlucky enough to not have already evacuated the general area yet simply gawked in amazement at the mere imaginary thought of it.

"Oh dear god, I'm literally right about to freaking DIE here, for Christ's sake! Would somebody PLEASE help me, PLEASE?! Like, preferably before I get eaten alive by my own Chernobyl-abomination PETS, might I add?!" Alphys (in the movie) screamed and cried in a fit of woeful desperation, backing up on her chubby little rear end and meekly, helplessly cowering against the very frontmost-center city-view window of the Statue Of Liberty's massive crown as she wildly fumbled about in the pockets of her lab coat (which she no longer even unironically wore in real life after what had happened to her former science career due to everyone finding out about her rather morally questionable and mentally deranged biological enhancement experiments that had tragically created these horrific eldritch beasts all of those long sad months ago, ironically enough), pulled out her cell phone and frantically dialed Mettaton's number.

All the while, the Amalgamates slithered and slunk ever closer to her like half-melted spiders with disgustingly malformed snakes for legs, the disgusting half-melted endogenous fluid that now made up their rather ominously shadow-casting bodies dripping all over the immaculately swept and mopped floor while Mettaton (her handsome robotic celebrity knight in shining armor that she had personally built herself so that he could serve as her homeland's leading entertainer) immediately swooped in (with his rocket boots turned up to maximum power, his NEO jetpack wings propelling him through the air with the combined force of at least several NASA rockets, and his arms outstretched in front of him like Superman, of course) to save the day.

Right when Alphys was JUST about to finally be eaten alive once and for all (and also right when she thought that Mettaton was JUST about to finally answer her at-least-fifth incredibly urgent and

important attempt at a phone call within the past five minutes), Mettaton suddenly busted himself right in through the window right next to Alphys, made a dashing sharp U-turn with an additional cloyingly generous and stereotypical dash of "I'LL SAVE YOU, MADAME", grabbed the poor girl by her big, long and thick lizard tail and swung her disproportionately bloated, weirdly attractive and surprisingly not neckbearded lizard body right through the frontmost window like a sledgehammer, causing her to yelp in pain as little pieces, bits and shards of what was once said window flew all over the place...and also causing her to accidentally drop her precious little (thankfully indestructible) phone right out of said window, sending it plummeting at several hundred feet straight down to the mostly-concrete ground.

"Man, aren't I just the greatest superhero EVER?" Mettaton laughed uproariously (and somewhat maniacally, need I mention) as he lovingly cuddled Alphys in his arms and flew her straight up onto the very tip-top of the Statue Of Liberty's pretty big head, where they both just sat boredly together and watched as the entire city of New York crumbled into jagged, burning pieces right before their very formerly disbelieving and utterly bewildered eyes, which, ironically enough, was pretty much exactly what the real-life Alphys and her beloved fishy butch-lesbian girlfriend Undyne were also doing in their seats in real life...needless to say, the rest of the audience could definitely relate, and their overall reaction to the film as they watched the credits abruptly roll out of seemingly just about nowhere (with literally every single person in them being labeled as Mettaton just to add yet more additional insult to the already nasty injury that the film itself had more-than-a-little-predictably been to the movie industry) was just plain old meh...nothing more, nothing less, and most importantly, nothing in between...

Well, except for poor little red-haired, Uma-Thurman-wigged, red-shirt-with-little-white-Bikini-Bottom-flower-adorning-its-bosom-wearing, skinny-blue-jeaned, Akira-Toriyama-autographed-light-blue-Sonic-sneakers-wearing, unfittingly-guitar-shredding Tumblrina weeaboo hipster pile of pure concentrated anime trash known as Alphys, that is; surely enough, she was busy covering her eyes with her hands and trembling pathetically in her seat out of deeply mentally rooted internal fear of what this series of movies would eventually do to her reputation...and HOO boy, if you've ever played the game that this story is REALLY based off of before, then I probably shouldn't have to tell you all of the reasons why such a quite frankly petty and ultimately meaningless little thing like THAT was soon destined to become easily among the absolute LEAST of her public reputation's worries. Oh, how utterly clueless, ridiculously scatterbrained and horribly naive she truly was, is and most likely always will be...

"MAN, that was so much fun! Am I right or am I right, buddies?" Undyne chuckled merrily,

patting Alphys lovingly on the back as the two of them (and Temgnastic, of course) followed the ridiculously gigantic crowd of otherwise remarkably disappointed former audience members out of the auditorium through the left exit (well, actually the right one from their point of view), throwing their 3D glasses into the complimentary auditorium exit trash can like the worthless pieces of silly, gimmicky, hopefully soon-to-be-outdated junk that they were.

"Tem agree! Part one was good too, but this one have WAY more cool leg!" Temgnastic chuckled, flexing her arm muscles handsomely as the three of them walked out the front entrance of the movie theater together, with Undyne reluctantly dragging Temgnastic along behind her by (one of) the big floppy fist-ears while poor little Alphys shivered and moaned in hopeless fear and shame.

"Aww, what's wrong, Alphie? You look so scared and depressed...you're not thinking about the True Lab incident again, are you?" Undyne asked Alphys concernedly, patting her on the head like a sweet little fatass weeaboo kitten while the poor thing twiddled her fingers and fidgeted about, already beginning to develop severe stage fright for her next guitar concert despite being almost a mile away from the building where it was scheduled to be held about a half-hour later in the

afternoon as the three of them walked over to the nearest burger restaurant (known as Burger World, in fact, just like in Beavis & Butthead) and took a window seat as always.

"Oh, I just wish I was strong and sexy like you, Undyne!" Alphys cried and sobbed and whimpered dejectedly, burying her face in the table and folding her arms together atop the table while Temgnastic and Undyne just rolled their eyes and shrugged their shoulders at each other in response.

"Alphys, for CRYING out loud, you're already strong and sexy as IS! Honestly, you're a freaking DINOSAUR; take ADVANTAGE of it for once, would you PLEASE?!" Undyne forehead-palmed herself and frustratedly ranted at Alphys, grabbing her by the hand and dragging her back down onto the floor of the restaurant as the two of them went over to the cash register and made their orders.

"Hello, good sir!" Undyne happily greeted Burgerpants (who was ironically the new cashier of the restaurant) with a powerful and dignified American salute. "We would like to order some yummy, juicy BURGERS, please!"

"Right, and I suppose WATER is freaking WET..." Burgerpants muttered spitefully under his breath. "Um, anyway, could you please be at least a LITTLE bit more specific with your order?"

"Well, personally, I would like a big medium-rare Angus steak burger with A1 sauce, mayonnaise and ketchup! Same for my little Temmie pal over there as well!" Undyne announced valiantly, pointing over at the merrily bouncing Temgnastic and flashing her razor-sharp great white shark teeth every bit as menacingly as could be at the now nervously-sweating-and-jazz-hands-deploying Burgerpants as he adorably fidgeted about and twiddled his fingers just like how Alphys always did.

"For here or to go?" Burgerpants asked Undyne smugly, pulling up his shirt and winking at her.

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

"OW, what was THAT for?!" Burgerpants groaned in pain, resting his hand on his now-heavily-bruised cheek and nursing his recently-twisted nipples while Alphys shyly, reluctantly and adorably anxiously tiptoed her way forward to the cash register, wobbling back and forth nervously as she did so. (Luckily, she had just recently gotten sick of being constantly hunchbacked all the time and started practicing good posture for whatever reason, so she was now tall enough to actually meet Burgerpants eye-to-eye at the cash register, making the way that she was currently acting in public look even more cripplingly awkward and embarrassing.)

"Um...h-h-hi!" Alphys giggled, snorted, stammered and blushed, gripping the front corner of the cash-register countertop with her hands and glancing back and forth frantically like the paranoid nervous wreck that she always had been (even well BEFORE the True Lab incident, might I add) as her tail wagged back and forth wildly, her face glowing hot-pink and sweating with anticipation...and by anticipation, I mean painfully obvious romantic obsession with the cashier.

"Um...why are you staring at me like that, cutie-pie?" Burgerpants asked Alphys nervously, twitching his eyelids awkwardly while Alphys rested her left cheek on the corresponding elbow-propped hand and glared seductively and dreamily at him, with a glimmering anime sparkle effect in her eyes and an adorkably chubby-cheeked, freckly, bespectacled, blushing and buck-toothed smile covering the rest of her cushiony little lizard-waifu face.

"Um...n-never mind that, okay?!" Alphys stammered embarrassedly, blushing bright-red, biting her lip and drooping her Sonic quills downward with shameful embarrassment, with Burgerpants

somewhat irritatedly tapping his foot on the ground as he waited patiently for Alphys to finally just make her stupid order and get on with her sad and miserable joke of a life already.

"Um...c-can I have a b-burger with the p-patties carved into the sh-shape of Mettaton's f-face, please? And with all of the, um, fixings or w-whatever you call them...oh, and uhh...m-most importantly, with umm...the ketchup and m-mustard, like, magically arranged into the sh-shape of Mew Mew K-Kissy Cutie's face and stuff?" Alphys asked Burgerpants, covering half of the entire countertop with her disgusting weeaboo sweat while Burgerpants angrily wiped it off with a wet dish towel.

"That'll be eight dollars and one foot massage for me, of course!" Burgerpants laughed snidely as he got out a stool from the nearby supply closet in the kitchen, sat atop it and crossed his legs width-wise across the countertop, wiggling his sneakers teasingly as he magically pulled out the latest issue of New York Times magazine from one of his pants pockets and smugly began flipping through it just to add even further to the already-overwhelming teasing effect.

"Um...w-well, if you INSIST..." Alphys reluctantly, nervously replied, swallowing her pride and licking her lips intently while Burgerpants briefly pulled down his magazine and glared seductively at her.

"Dangit, HOW DID HE FREAKING KNOW?" Alphys thought confusedly to herself, blushing and hanging her head shamefully as she reluctantly reached out with her arms and removed Burgerpants' sneakers, revealing his incredibly long and sexy and feline (and linty, and sweat-caked, and fungus-growing) bare soles and causing Alphys to nosebleed so hard that she ended up flamboyantly placing the back of her hand over her forehead and fainting head-over-heels onto the floor!

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

"TEE HEE HEE...man, that tickles something fierce, let me tell you...so, uh, anyway, yeah, how does it TASTE, foot girl?" Burgerpants snickered teasingly as poor, poor Alphys wrinkled her unfortunately large nose like shriveled-up tinfoil, her eyes leaking disgusted, sorrowful tears from how unbelievably horrible the cashier's feet smelled as she licked up and down his soles and arches, all around the balls of his feet, and even all over and in-between his toes.

"OH, how you would presumably laugh your ever-loving butt off if I ever told you how much I am currently YEARNING for death's sweet embrace..." Alphys moaned in both internal and external pain as pretty much everyone in the restaurant gathered around just to laugh at her.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"Wow, your a reel PERVIRT!" Temgnastic laughed teasingly at Alphys while Undyne did the same, causing Alphys to irritatedly roll her eyes, cross her arms over her chest and go "HMPH" in response while the three of them relievedly ate their rather generous serving of burgers and fries together.

"Oh, believe me, I would KNOW!" Undyne laughed wholeheartedly at Alphys, remembering that one time a few weeks ago (in another past timeline, confusingly enough) in the Alphys VS Undyne competition where she had shrunk herself with one of Alphys' shrink rays (that she now regrets even inventing in the first place, mind you, mostly for this very reason), snuck inside the poor lizard nerd's already rather-heavily-tormented brain through one of her ear canals while she was asleep, and found an almost unthinkable massive so-called "private" anime porn stash conspicuously lying around in her memory banks in such a way that literally anyone intelligent enough to figure out that her password was "mewmewkissycutie" (which, let's face it, requires an

IQ of about 50 at most) could find it...and of course, this has now become a nightly routine for Undyne, even going as far as taking control over the poor girl's body and making her dance naked, so she really has no room to talk regarding which one of the two is a bigger, nastier pervert than the other.

"AND that's why I keep telling myself that I'm going to sleep with ear plugs from now on, but never actually follow through on the promise for whatever strange and peculiar reason..." Alphys sighed, briefly taking her glasses off and irritatedly double-facepalming herself and gloomily burying her head in her hands and rubbing her eyes exhaustedly while Undyne and Temgnastic winked mischievously at each other and shot each other the thumbs-up sign.

"Anyway, as I was saying, you're already plenty strong enough to take care of those crippling depression issues of yours as IS!" Undyne chuckled wholeheartedly, still struggling not to burst out laughing hysterically at just how big of a complete and utter fool Alphys had just admittedly made of herself in public...which, by the way, as you can probably imagine, was REALLY nothing new for them.

"But HOW? That's the question, HOW?" Alphys asked Undyne exhaustedly, putting her glasses back on and shrugging her shoulders as she eagerly awaited the viable answer that she knew she was never going to get out of a pair of almost-completely-illiterate idiots like Undyne and Temgnastic.

"Um, like, DURRR, just figure it out yourself and stuff!" Undyne and Temgnastic laughed mockingly at Alphys while she just rested her chin on her elbow-propped hands, squinted her eyes inquisitively and looked down intently at the tabletop, puzzling and puzzling until her puzzler was sore (as if it wasn't sore enough already).

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE THREE OF THEM HAD FINISHED EATING ABOUT HALF OF THEIR DISPROPORTIONATELY MASSIVE BURGERS AND FRY SERVINGS AND WERE GETTING READY TO IRONICALLY TAKE THE REST OF IT HOME IN TAKE-OUT CONTAINERS...

"Alphys, for God's sake, you should REALLY be a little more confident, you know!" Undyne raised her voice agitatedly at Alphys, reaching across the table, grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her into focus. "Repeat after me; NO ONE beats my girlfriend when she's on the guitar!"

"No one beats my girlfriend when she's on the guitar..." Alphys groaned, shrugging her shoulders and rolling her eyes in boredom, not to mention knowledge of the fact that she had already heard Undyne tell her this at least somewhere around seventeen-and-a-half bajillion times.

"But she's a complete and total PUSSYWILLOW otherwise!" Temgnastic giggled adorably as he crawled over to the other end of the table, took the vacant seat right next to Alphys' and began pinching her mesmerizingly pudgy and chubby little nose and cheeks, causing her to reflexively flinch and fidget and flail her arms about like a complete hyperactive madwoman.

"TEMMIE!" Undyne glanced over at Temgnastic and scolded him angrily.

"But it totally IS the truth, you know..." Alphys sighed, resting her cheeks on the palms of her hands and looking down hopelessly depressedly at the table as Temmie leaned in and lovingly kissed her on the right cheek, but unfortunately to no avail besides making her face turn rosy-red for a few seconds and getting a few cheap laughs out of him and Undyne.

"Hey, don't you ever forget, Alphys; we are SODACAN! With the powers of Temgnastic's strength-of-a-hundred-men drumming force, your no-longer-being-inappropriately-referred-to-in-

the-third-person guitar and my almighty bass combined with that equally earth-shattering voice of mine, all combined together, we become the music equivalent to CAPTAIN PLANET!" Undyne explained in a horribly exaggerated manner as not one but two highly unexpected and highly unwelcome visitors (one being a big muscular anthro rabbit and the other being an equally large and muscular anthro dragon) suddenly barged right in through the front door of the restaurant, with dildos in hand and ridiculously thick suits of jet-black armor on their bodies.

"SCRAM, you freaking gay-ass bundle of, like, sticks and stuff! For, like, the BILLIONTH freaking time, dude, the girl's MINE, not yours! For God's, like, sake and junk, get it through your thick fire-breathing skull, WILL you?!" RG01 yelled angrily at RG02, his bunny ears sticking straight up in livid agitation and disgust as he smacked RG02 across his fat scaly face with a giant purple dildo; so hard, in fact, that it sent the poor dragon flying right back out through the front door of the restaurant.

"Oh SURE, bro, look who's fricking TALKING!" RG02 growled frustratedly at RG01, barging right back in through the front door, tackling RG01 headfirst onto the ground and repeatedly punching him in the head as the two of them reluctantly stripped their armor and clothes off in public while everyone in the restaurant simply gawked in amazement with their jaws dropped to the floor.

"Don't be intimidated, Burgerpants, just try to imagine them in their UNDERWEAR..." Burgerpants thought nervously to himself, shaking in his sneakers, closing his eyes as tightly as he could possibly manage and breaking out into a cold sweat while Temgnastic did the same.

"OH NO, THEY'RE HOT!" Burgerpants screamed internally as he opened his eyes back up and saw the buff dragon and the equally buff rabbit rolling around on the floor and erotically grinding their sweaty, oily, muscular and incredibly homosexual bodies against each other.

"OHH, I FEEL LIKE I'VE DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN..." Alphys moaned with excitement, nosebleeding herself into a coma yet again while Undyne eagerly recorded the footage on her iPhone.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE ROYAL GUARDS HAD RECLOTHED THEMSELVES...

"Alright, now that we're done with...whatever the hell THAT was, which by the way, we, like, sincerely apologize and stuff to anyone who ended up having to, like, see that and stuff...I'm afraid that it's now time for us to get RIGHT down to business!" RG01 explained as him and RG02 ominously marched directly toward Alphys' and Undyne's table, their armor clinging and clanging obnoxiously loudly on the tiled floor with each and every single step that they took.

"Well, well, look what the CATFISH dragged in! Plenty of delicious munchies for the BOTH of us, am I right?" RG02 laughed heartily, nudging RG01 teasingly with his elbow.

"Not only that, but also an adorable little dinosaur BABE, all dressed up and ready for the fornication process! Ain't that RIGHT, Larry?" RG01 chuckled, patting RG02 on the back while Alphys glared angrily at the two of them, turning red in the face for surprisingly non-embarrassment-related reasons and gritting her teeth in disgust while Undyne felt around frantically in her magical unlimited-space pocket for only-god-knows-what...yes, indeed, as you should probably already know very well by now, I'm being extremely sarcastic here, just so you know.

"Gary, you don't even have the first real-life-experience CLUE of how the thing that you're talking about right now actually WORKS, do you?" Larry sighed, truly flabbergasted and dumbfounded by RG01's sheer infuriating ignorance.



"Oh, why of COURSE not, and that's just going to make this even BETTER!" Gary laughed, clutching his sides merrily while Alphys clutched her head and shook timidly in her seat, the dots in her eyes shrinking to the size of small periods as Undyne FINALLY found what she had been looking for.

"Here, Alphys, take THIS!" Undyne playfully encouraged her beloved lizard girlfriend, pulling an entire guitar right out of her dinky little pants pocket and throwing it all the way around the entire planet Earth, breaking at least two different windows in the process as the guitar magically circled its way all the way back to Alphys and hit her right in the side of her head!

Now, honestly, even I'm not quite sure exactly which specific parts of her poor brain the guitar's impact affected the most, as it was apparently randomly decided by magic or some crazy shite like that, but from that point onward, it was often said by many that Alphys' ego suddenly grew at least three sizes that day, with her overall self-esteem unfortunately remaining about the same.

"LEAVE IT TO LAMMYYYYYY- I mean, ALPHYYYYSSSS!" Alphys yelled valiantly at the tops of her pretty little lungs, creating a massive explosion of random obnoxiously bright colors and diamonds all over the background as she eagerly grabbed her guitar off of the floor, leaping up onto the table (crushing a good portion of the leftovers underneath her great big dinosaur feet in the process, much to Undyne's and Temgnastic's chagrin), posing in only the most badass manner and striking a ball-busting power chord on her almighty Stratocaster while Gary and Larry just stood there in front of her, clutching their crotches and squealing in unbearable genital pain.

"YEEEEAAHHH!" Alphys bellowed dramatically like a true rockstar as she pounced onto her gay assailants and metaphorically shredded them into unceremoniously creamed and canned spinach (in other words, knocked them unconscious) with the sheer amazing power of her guitar while a complete shitstorm of random rainbow-colored LSD wave effects surged seizure-inducingly hyperactively through the background in what could only be described as something straight out of a psychedelic stoner-rock music video from the late 20th century.

"See, kids? THIS right here is exactly why you SHOULD be doing drugs!" Undyne stepped in (somewhat breaking the fourth wall a bit if you ask me) and explained through an incredibly long-corded microphone that she had presumably plugged into Temgnastic's surprisingly large brain or something.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll be perfectly FINE, iff perhapps a bet UNHENGED!" Temgnastic giggled playfully, flipping the top part of her head wide open on its cartoonish hinges for everyone to see while Alphys leapt up merrily into the air (using the Royal Guards' comatose, gay-ass bodies, of course) and struck a fabulous victory pose while a whole crowd of police officers suddenly arrived onto the scene from all around and (mostly barefootedly) kicked the front door (which was made of glass) right down, surprisingly just to arrest the Royal Guards and not Alphys herself.

ONE TEDIOUSLY LONG SWEEPING AND GLASS DISPOSAL SESSION LATER...

"Thank you for finally taking care of these annoyingly sexist pieces of scum for us, my dear psychopathic womanchild. Oh, and by the way, you're still PERMANENTLY f\*\*\*ing fired from your former job as the Royal Scientist, so don't even THINK about begging like a mangy dog for me to give it back to you, capiche?" Head Police Officer Toriel explained, patting Alphys on the head sarcastically as he locked each of the bullies' individual pairs of hands together in cuffs and walked them right out the front door and into her extravagantly fancy police limousine.

"Yeah, I get it..." Alphys sighed, her arms weakly drooping downward in front of her as she depressedly adopted her classic hunchback bodily posture and mopingly walked her way back home to her apartment.

"Oh dear god, this is going to end up turning out like an episode of Rocko's Modern Life on LSD mixed with the genderbent bastard child of Parappa The Rapper, isn't it?" Temgnastic stood up on his tiptoes and whispered worriedly into Undyne's ear-fin, trembling in reminiscently anxious terror.

"You literally could not have even POSSIBLY described my current thoughts and anticipations regarding the matter more accurately even if you TRIED, my good sir!" Undyne giggled and blushed embarrassedly, scooping Temgnastic up into her arms and cuddling him lovingly.

## **Now Wait A Minute; Who In The Hell Is Gaster?!**

### **CHAPTER 2: NOW WAIT A MINUTE; WHO THE HELL IS GASTER?**

#### **THE NEXT MORNING...**

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, OH DEAR!" Alphys screamed to herself in a fit of unbearable panic as she ran as fast as she possibly could through the ridiculously, plot-conveniently long side-entrance hallway of the concert-hall stage at which her aforementioned concert was already fully prepared and just waiting (on her arrival, of course) to finally begin.

"Oh dear god, what am I going to TELL them?!" Alphys stammered in horror as she continued sprinting as fast as her stubby little legs could possibly carry her, flailing her scrawny little arms about wildly like noodly little strips of paper as her pudgy little tail began reflexively wagging at the speed of a jet propeller.

"I...I had a stomachache from eating too much bacon-and-egg ramen, spicy chili and Taco Bell, so I ended up having to go to the bathroom before my arse, like, completely exploded all over everyone and everything in the general vicinity around me...but...but there was a REALLY long line at the gas station...and...well...needless to say, I ended up having to cooperatively clean the entire diarrhea-smothered store with nothing but a measly little set of magic baby wipes and wash towels and the spare white lab coat that I always keep in the back trunk of my car for some odd reason...ehehehe..." Alphys monologued to herself in an incredibly long-winded manner, tuckering herself out and gasping for breath as she desperately struggled to continue pulling herself forward through the unbelievably massive, seemingly endlessly looping hallway.

"I...I told them that it was an EMERGENCY..." Alphys sighed exhaustedly, collapsing onto the ground and desperately crawling her way through the rest of the hallway as the sheer amount of sweat that she was already producing began leaving a massive, piss-smelling liquid trail behind her on the floor; all the while, she was busy having flashbacks to what Officer Toriel, Burgerpants and Former Prince Gerson had told her back in the previous game, Frisk The Rapper.

"But of course, as always, they just HAD to freaking say LET'S RAP LIKE FILTHY FRANK ABOUT IT, didn't they?" Alphys groaned and shrugged, rolling her eyes yet again in dismay as she desperately got back up onto her big pudgy feet and charged right into the light at the end of the hallway, taking her straight onto the stage once and for all...right when literally everyone in the audience was already right about to officially lose their patience and leave, no less!

"Whew, finally made it!" Alphys sighed with relief, wiping the sweat off of her forehead off with her hand; unfortunately, however, the cameraman and security guard were both standing right next to her when she did so!

"OH GOD, IT'S IN MY EYES! MY EYEEES!" both of them kneeled down onto the floor, clutched their faces and screamed in pain as Alphys smugly and incredibly nonchalantly strolled her way over to the front and center of the stage, where the legendary kung-fu master (and former Royal Scientist) Gaster, as well as her fellow band members Undyne and Temgnastic, had been waiting for her arrival for quite some time...and of course, she had completely forgotten to bring literally the absolute most important thing that she possibly could have forgotten to bring!

"OH GOD, I FORGOT TO BRING MY FREAKING GUITAR!" Alphys shrieked in horror as she spun around exhaustedly and fainted head-over-heels onto the floor from the sheer amount of stress overload that she had already managed to cause to her poor, poor brain, her tongue hanging out like

that of a dead and dehydrated dog while the intimidatingly tall and remarkably Slenderman-resembling Gaster merely looked down and scoffed at her in both disappointment and utter disgust.

"And here's our new vocalist, Once-Royal Scientist Master Gaster!" Undyne announced cheerfully, diligently tuning her bass guitar and fumbling about awkwardly in her pockets as the eye-gougingly bright lights of the concert suddenly turned on to reveal Gaster in all of his creepy, ghostly, skeletal, cracked-faced, demonic-eyed, trenchcoated, hole-handed, freakishly tall and slender, currently microphone-holding glory.

"Um...no offense, Undyne, but are you really SURE that we can trust this guy?" Alphys asked Undyne worriedly, her knees already quivering like a bowl full of piss-trickling Jell-O just from looking at him and the admittedly horrifically deformed mad-scientist grin that adorned his pasty, bony face.

"Yeah, sure, why not? Now come on and take THIS!" Undyne laughed excitedly, pulling a life-size miniature vacuum cleaner out from her pants pocket and tossing it all the way around the entire planet Earth (for only the SECOND time so far, might I add); of course, naturally, knowing how insanely clumsy Alphys is, the "guitar" ended up hitting her right in the back of her head yet again, causing her brain to somehow completely short-circuit and mistake it for an actual guitar! Surely enough, her amazing superpower of being able to use literally ANY completely random vaguely guitar-shaped object that she could get her filthy, sweaty little weeaboo hands on as a substitute for her supposedly treasured guitar was already coming well into fruition.

"Alright, audience, I know that this is already literally completely impossible to even remotely take seriously in the slightest, but still...HIYYYYYATATATTTT-CHAAAAHHHH!" Gaster yelled like Bruce Lee, performing a lightning-fast series of rapid-fire punches and striking a glorious roundhouse-kick pose as the latest new song on his Imaginary album (that he had very clearly effortlessly copied from another artist that he was apparently too lazy to even mention) began.

"Fall, CORE, you all remember; Gaster's back again, yes forever!" Gaster suddenly began rapping, making the whole situation even more unbearably difficult to take seriously despite how much he clearly looked just the part to be the absolute perfect basketball player while Alphys and Undyne meekly strummed their guitars and bit their lips, trying desperately not to laugh.

"You have many challenges comin at 'cha!" Gaster continued rapping, dancing egregiously around the stage and performing all kinds of weird and suggestive hand gestures to the audience while Alphys struggled to get her guitar into the proper tune. "First is a fire, don't retire now!"

"PICK, BURN, SLIDE, and DOWN! Again now, PICK, BURN, SLIDE, and DOWN!" Gaster instructed Alphys, who already had no idea what in the actual seven hells (or stages, in this case) he was talking about as she absentmindedly punctuated each yelled-out word with a fiercely distorted power chord from her guitar while Undyne did the same with her bass (guitar).

"Listen to me now as I do my chore; nobody ever talks to me no more!" Gaster explained while Alphys reluctantly, shamefully nodded her head and agreed that she could indeed relate to his rather unfortunate social plight.

"But if a baby were to come, crying out loud, do you think you could play and calm it down?" Gaster implored while the background screen of the concert displayed a frightfully massive, fluffy and adorable swarm of plushy, cuddly and unfathomably soft little baby goats, all of which looked more-than-suspiciously like the legendary Asriel Dreemurr.

"Or if you're on a plane, how would you play? Throttle up and down, or away?" Gaster implored even further as the background screen displayed Papyrus...as a pilot, flying an airplane? What the

heck?

"I just wanna know; can you really go? With that guitar in hand, I don't know!" Gaster slyly taunted Alphys, who somehow STILL hadn't realized yet that her guitar was actually an everyday household appliance paper-thinly masquerading as one due to how utterly scatterbrained she was.

"Comin at ya, FLY HIGH! SKY HIGH! CRY LOUD! SHUT UP! FLY, CRY! PICK, BURN! PICK, CRY! And FLY, DOWN!" Gaster yelled out rather cryptically and nonsensically (mostly just for the sake of making himself sound cool) while Alphys confusedly punctuated his almost completely meaningless and random two-word statement with an equal number of power chords.

"SKY HIGH! CRY LOUD! SHUT UP! FLY, CRY! PICK, BURN! PICK, CRY! And FLY, DOWN!" Gaster continued rambling on and on even further while Alphys and Undyne struck all kinds of ridiculous karate poses in tune with Gaster's to help ease the monotony while their guitars gently wept to the beat.

"Shake it to the right, shake it to the left!" Gaster instructed Alphys and Undyne, telekinetically teleporting all of their clothes right off of their bodies (yes, including their Mew Mew Kissy Cutie bikinis and panties) and stripping them naked as the two of them both turned around and teasingly shook their plump, firmly-toned asses at the audience, causing them to croon with delight and spray a disgustingly massive, almost anime-esque volume of nose blood all over the floor.

"I am the only monster that will give all the necessary skills to build you a guitar!" Gaster bragged delusionally while Alphys and Undyne pressed their backs against each other and began shredding out one of their most badass freestyle guitar solos yet.

"If you can play in hell, you've gotten far!" Gaster explained while Alphys and Undyne forcefully hit the last note of their solo while completely-nakedly french-kissing each other in public, bringing both the song itself and nearly everyone in the entire audience to their climax.

"CHOP THAT WOOD! CHOKE REAL GOOD! PICK, CHOP, BURN! CRY FLY CHOKE!" Gaster started rambling yet again while Alphys and Undyne struck a wide variety of nude karate poses as the audience began throwing large sums of cold, hard dollar-bill cash and circumcised dildos at them.

"BURN, CRY, SLIDE! CHOP, PICK, FLY! CHOKE, FLY, PICK! CRY, CHOP DOWN! Ha ha..." Gaster suddenly broke character and snickered amusedly to himself, becoming completely and utterly unable to take the song seriously himself; the fact that the original artist's name was none other than Chop Chop Master Onion certainly didn't help matters either, just for the record.

"PICK, BURN, CRY! CRY, FLY, CHOP! PICK, BURN AND CRY! FLY, CHOP, CHOKE!" Gaster yelled with all of his might while Alphys forcefully thrust her tail into Undyne's exposed bunghole and pussy-hole.

"PICK BURNIN' CRY FLY, CHOP CHOKE! I AM A MONSTER, AND YOU? WHY, YOU'RE JUST A COUPLA NASTY BASEMENT-DWELLING PERVERTS JUST LIKE MOSTLY EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS STUPID-ASSED FANDOM!" Gaster concluded, dropping the mic triumphantly, waving his unsettlingly bone-thin arms at the audience and gracefully opening up his trenchcoat to reveal his "sexy" ribcage as he began laughing wholeheartedly and remarkably disgustingly at Alphys and Undyne and their crippling lack of true self-respect while the two of them excitedly finished playing the last note of the song's ending freestyle guitar solo, then eagerly set their guitars down, collapsed together onto the floor and made sweet, passionate lesbian futanari love to each other while the audience cheered erotically for them.

Once Gaster had finally finished teasing the audience, he then teleported Alphys' and Undyne's clothes back onto their bodies and promptly continued teasing the former even further.

"Heh heh heh...come on, Alphys, at least take a SECOND to look at what you've got in your hands before you start playing it! Believe me, I WOULD know..." Gaster chuckled, winking at the audience as he suggestively displayed the perfectly phallus-sized holes in his hands to them in what could only be described as basically proving just how big of a hypocrite he really was.

"Oh, Jesus Fruitf\*\*\*ing CHRIST, no WONDER that song sucked so badly!" Alphys gasped in shock as she FINALLY realized that she had actually been wielding a vacuum cleaner the whole time while the entire audience (along with both of Alphys' fellow band members) filed angrily and extremely disappointedly out of the auditorium, leaving only her and Gaster still standing.

"W-wait, wait, everybody WAIT just a minute? Oh dear lord, what'll I do, what SHOULD I do?" Alphys kneeled down on the floor and cried, burying her head in her hands hopelessly and wanting to LITERALLY punch herself in the face as punishment for just how unfathomably stupid she could truly be at times while Gaster walked over to her and lovingly comforted her.

"What are you so afraid of?" Gaster asked Alphys, briefly transforming into Reaper Bird (possibly the most disturbing of Alphys' Amalgamates) and causing her to cry even louder.

"Well, look at my so-called guitar, you idiot; just freaking LOOK at it!" Alphys wailed furiously, grabbing her newly acquired vacuum cleaner by the handle and attempting to angrily smash him right upside the face with it in a fit of deception-induced rage...only for him to suddenly catch it in his telekinetic grip and throw it across the stage with her still clinging for dear life onto the handle!

"Look, pal; before you pull out your iPad and make yet another stupid-ass first-world-problems Tumblr blog post about how having your musical plaything briefly taken away from you makes you feel oppressed and socially prejudiced against for acting like a stereotypical dumbass teenage girl who was presumably diagnosed with autism at an incredibly young age and horrifically spoiled by her parents...I would like you to just take a nice, brief second to open up your...um...ears(?) and listen to what I have to tell you right here and right now. Needless to say, I have an extremely important and almost-uncharacteristically concise lesson to teach you here." Gaster explained incredibly long-windedly to Alphys (without making even a single brief pause to catch his breath, no less, since after all, he WAS a skeleton), scooping her up and cradling her in his arms like the rather deceptively cuddly and adorable little baby that she was.

"Alright, listen, bud: compared to what I'VE had to go through in my lifetime, you simply losing your guitar for a day or two is literally NOTHING. Seriously, I even lost my freaking LABORATORY for crying out loud...and then, of course, you just HAD to bring your stupid hideous Amalgamates into the equation so that they could literally piss and shit all OVER it, didn't you?" Gaster sighed, snidely pulling out a baby bottle from his interdimensional storage rift and forcefeeding Alphys a rather generous complimentary serving through it, proving her overall lack of self-respect even further when you consider the fact that she barely even hesitated to accept his offer.

"Well, if I'm supposed to be a rockstar and I don't even have my signature guitar, then what the hell AM I supposed to do, exactly?" Alphys asked him curiously, actually making a good point.

"Allow me to repeat myself; I. LOST. MY. FREAKING. LABORATORY. And yes, it was indeed mostly because of you." Gaster explained annoyedly, flicking Alphys' pudgy little nose.

"However, the laboratory still remains, IN THE FORCEFULLY SHATTERED AND TELEKINETICALLY REBUILT CATACOMBS OF MY MIND. In fact, believe it or not, it even

has my own PERSONAL CONCENTRATION CAMP!" Gaster explained as the background screen for the concert displayed his mental visions of an incredibly dark, ominous and foreboding abandoned laboratory crawling with only the most horrifying of eldritch monstrosities, with a massive heaping pile of dead bodies of so-called "inferior" monsters slowly but surely rotting and decaying in the cryogenically air-conditioned (courtesy of the local MTT hotel) basement down below while Alphys got back down onto her feet and twitched her eyelids in a profound mixture of confusion and disgust.

"Laboratory, Jewish slaughterhouse; it is all in your MIND! In fact, hell; at the rate YOU'RE going right now, I daresay that you pretty much already have literally NOTHING to lose!" Gaster laughed evilly as the background showed a rapidly spinning bird's-eye-view shot of him break-dancing nakedly atop the collectively rotting and putrid grave of god-knows-how-many tragically innocent monsters that he and his royal superiors had deemed "inferior" to the rest.

And thus, the screen faded to black.

# **Back Off; You're Being Gay**

## **CHAPTER 3: BACK OFF; YOU'RE BEING GAY**

"GAAAHHH!" Alphys screamed at the top of her lungs and immediately sprung right awake (in her full signature outfit, weirdly and awkwardly enough) on her bed as her alarm clock (which just so happened to have a Nirvana-logo face on it, for whatever stupid reason) suddenly went off out of nowhere, waking her from her nightmare.

"PHEW, it was just a dream...no wonder that Gaster dude came across as being such a sick nasty pedophile..." Alphys sighed as she hopped out of bed and looked around her incredibly small and cluttered, almost Tokyo-esque apartment, stretching and yawning and scratching her sweaty, smelly armpits and eyeing her old Master Gaster poster curiously before jumping nearly her entire body height into the air as she suddenly came to another infinitely more unsettling realization when the time displayed on her alarm clock caught her eye; it was already 12:15 in the afternoon!

"Oh, sweet face-f\*\*\*ing Lucifer on a popsicle stick, there's literally only fifteen freaking minutes left until the big show that I'm supposed to be attending as the leading guitarist at! HOW IN THE ACTUAL HELL AM I GOING TO GET THERE ON TIME?!" Alphys shrieked in horror as the entire scene suddenly cut into one of her numerous presumably dementia-induced nightmare hallucinations, in which she and her bed were spinning fervently atop a ginormous mountain of rotting human corpses that was visibly being rooted together by Flowey (with the sky in the background containing clouds shaped explicitly like her infamous Amalgamates), prompting a slot-machine lever to suddenly extend itself out from her left ear canal so that she could pull it down, causing the pupil-related contents her eyes to suddenly rotate between a series of random pictures until they finally stopped on the number 15...which, coincidentally, was also her exact yearly age when the True Lab incident that created Flowey and the Amalgamates happened.

(By the way, she was actually wrong; in reality, she already had a full half-hour left before the show, even without counting what she was about to do in the following paragraph.)

"Well, you know what they say; if you can't beat time, REWIND IT!" Alphys sighed, rewinding the time on her specially engineered time-traveling alarm clock...which somehow caused time ITSELF to literally rewind itself all the way back to fifteen minutes earlier.

"Oh god, where's my makeup, where's my makeup, WHERE'S MY STUPID FREAKING MAKEUP?!" Alphys shrieked in a fit of panic as she scrambled furiously through her drawers in an attempt to locate her misplaced lipstick and eyeliner, finally finding them conspicuously stowed away in one of the desk drawers underneath her office computer and stuffing them hurriedly into her pockets as she quickly ran over to her answering machine and turned it on so that she wouldn't have to worry about everyone calling her.

"Um...h-hi, this is Alphys!" the answering machine promptly greeted god-knows-how-many random callers from all over town on their phones while Alphys herself bolted straight down the apartment building staircase at lightning speed...only to suddenly realize that she had forgotten something!

"OH GOD, I FORGOT TO TAKE CARE OF MY HOUSE AND GRAB MY GUITAR!" Alphys gasped in shock as she swung right back around on her heels and charged all the way back up the staircase at a hundred miles per hour.

"Um...I c-can't answer the phone right n-now, because...because...umm...because the SODACAN



crew's live concert is coming up REAL soon. W-Well, I'm n-not exactly r-READY for it, per se, but...uhh...um...b-but, w-well, to put in laymen's t-terms, U-Undyne, Temgnastic and I have s-spent our last t-time in the studio together, and m-my solo is, like, REALLY not the w-way that me and Undyne w-wanted it t-to be..." the answering machine continued nervously rambling on and on and on (and on, and on, and on...) while the poor girl returned to her living room and found it in absolute utter shambles of its former self...just like herself, funnily enough.

"Man, TALK about something that I would MUCH rather see in an episode of Rocko's Modern Life as opposed to REAL life!" Alphys shuddered in fear that her apartment was literally about to explode as she drank the busting-door-openingly gargantuan excess suds out of her washing machine through a crazy straw, then pulled out the three separate Undyne, Asgore and Mettaton bodypillows that she had stuffed into it and stuffed them into the dryer instead.

"Geez, and to think that Asgore always told me that the only things most women were ever good for was cooking and HOUSEKEEPING!" Alphys growled angrily as she slammed her cupboard door shut, turned off the stove that her overflowingly boiling ramen-cooker pot was resting on, poured said pot's noodly contents into a tupperware container and stuffed said container into her refridgerator for later microwave reheating, then finally turned off her clothes-iron and smacked herself right across the face with it as punishment for leaving a massive blackened burn-smudge on the back of her favorite pure-white Mew Mew Kissy Cutie T-shirt!

"Damn it, no wonder my apartment's as cold as a freaking HOTEL ROOM!" Alphys groaned even more angrily, nearly facepalming her brains out as she turned off the apartment's nearly-busted-from-being-on-for-so-long air conditioner, set up CAUTION: DO NOT ENTER tape around her miserable (but still sadly successful regardless) attempt at recreating Filthy Frank's infamous Human Ramen video with her bathtub, tackled her out-of-control MTT-brand vacuum cleaner to the ground and strangled it unconscious with its own power cord, then proceeded to also take care of god-knows-how-many other housekeeping-related things while her answering machine thankfully did the rest of the dirty work for her.

"Um...s-so I've b-been, like, p-practicing...and well...I just really h-hope it turns out to okay, you know what I'm saying? Uh, a-anyways, feel f-free to please l-leave your name, and a b-b-b-brief implication of secretly wanting to f\*\*\*\* me and give me foot massages like they almost always d-do for some r-reason, a-and I'll get b-back to you as soon as p-possible, alright? Um, okay, b-BYE NOW!" the answering machine finally finished speaking as Alphys crawled underneath her bed and, much to her surprise, found her former pet, Endogeny, sleeping there!

"Oh, dear...well, um...WHO'S A GOOD ELDRITCH AMALGAMATION OF DOGS WITH, LIKE, LITERALLY AT LEAST THIRTY-TWO FREAKING TENTACLE-LEGS AND ZERO FACES? YES YOU ARE, YES YOU ARE!" Alphys laughed maniacally, bursting into hysterical tears of bittersweet happiness and sorrow as she leaned in and gave Endogeny a lovingly passionate french kiss, then immediately grabbed her guitar case, bolted out the door as fast as her legs could carry her, and slammed the door shut so forcefully that it literally broke right off of its hinges and collapsed onto the floor with a loud, booming and thunderous THUNK as she made her way straight back down the stairs and out the front door of the building.

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, if I don't make this in time, who even KNOWS what sorts of horrific things the executives are going to do to me!" Alphys squealed both internally and externally as she ran through the open streets of New York City at a speed almost befitting of her Sonic quills as cars and trucks of various widely assorted shapes and sizes thundered past her, with each and every single one of their drivers yelling, at the very least, one vaguely-related thing to HEY, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE FREAKING GOING, ASSHOLE as she somehow dodged her way right over and around every single one of them in true Matrix fashion...when she could have very easily just

taken the sidewalks, but was apparently in far too big of a hurry at the moment to even remotely care in the slightest.

"Will they forcefully remove my footwear, followed by the rest of my clothing, and force me to endure the wrath of the dreaded Tickling Machine for thirty solid minutes straight? Or perhaps, worse yet, even lock me in a solitary confinement room with stupid Sans and force me to listen to his freaking godawful jokes for TWENTY goddamned minutes straight? Honestly, who even KNOWS what's gonna happen to me at this point?" Alphys sighed, shrugging her shoulders as a massive pile of crashed cars whose drivers had reflexively screamed OH, JESUS and attempted to swerve around her began piling up behind her while she just nonchalantly pulled out a cigarette (followed by a Zippo lighter) from her pants pockets, stuck it in her mouth and lit it...

...and then immediately spat it right out once she noticed all of the local firemen and police officers gathered around the frightfully massive fire that had just recently started in yet another one of New York City's many, many, MANY random, generic and nondescript apartment buildings and immediately knew that she just HAD to...well, passively just walk right past it and not actually do anything about it, like the total inconsiderate bitch that she really was at times...or perhaps just like a normal person, did you ever consider that?

"The fire from the Wendy's restaurant downstairs has the super-extra-fatty Baconators with cholesterol literally right up the ass and is smelling DELICIOUSLY salty, sir!" Nice Cream Guy, who was now apparently working part-time as a firefighter captain, told Burgerpants (who was apparently working part-time as one of the local interview cameraman), who blushed dreamily and rested his adorably rosy-pink and smiling right cheek lovingly on the corresponding hand in response while tightly jerking off- I mean, holding his camera with his other hand.

"In fact, you know what? I'm gonna block off ALL of the roads, just to be a TOTAL smarmy dick about it!" Nice Cream Guy laughed sarcastically, knowing very well that such a thing actually was, in fact, what the law required him to do in order to keep everyone...ahem..."safe".

Meanwhile, as the local police helicopter was busy absentmindedly flying in big circles around the burning building so that it could record some sweet, tasty footage for the evening news while the restaurant's manager was busy getting all of the remaining factory-processed Baconators out of the building and onto a nearby buffet table that he had just recently set up for all of the firemen, Alphys was equally busy making a desperate attempt to plow her way through the alarmingly massive and multi-layeredly dense crowd of people standing around watching as the building slowly but surely came ever closer to just outright completely burning to the ground.

"Um, excuse me, would you kindly PLEASE let me through? I'm in, like, a REALLY serious hurry here, you know!" Alphys explained as she pushed and shoved her way through the crowd...that is, until she suddenly reached an abruptly placed roadblock that effectively stopped her from traveling any further!

"Damnit, I KNEW I should have brought my jetpack!" Alphys groaned frustratedly, slapping her knee as Nice Cream Guy walked up to her and decided to talk some (non)sense into her, already kickstarting this game's notoriously rapid mid-game spiral into outright ridiculousness.

"What's that you say? Oh, you're in a HURRY? For WHAT, may I ask? To get to the nearest shopping mall that features Hot Topic or some stupid gay crap like that?" Nice Cream Guy asked her in just such a profoundly condescendingly manner that it actually made her literally want to punch him right in his fluffy bunny face.

"Um, EXCUSE me?! For the record, YOUNG SIR, I'll have you know that it's not called being gay, it's called being LESBIAN! There is a VERY big difference, FYI, and also for the record, no,

I'm NOT trying to go to the mall, or the nearest local anime convention or ANY of that crap; I'm just trying to get to my upcoming music concert that's supposed to start in something like literally TEN FREAKING MINUTES from now, so SCRAM, would you please?!" Alphys ranted infuriatedly at Nice Cream Guy, jumping onto his shoulders and shaking the ever-loving crap out of him.

"Nope; sorry, but as per the government's birdbrained safety-restriction laws, I am simply NOT ALLOWED to let you through! Now BACK OFF for Christ's sake; you're being a total despicable FAGGOT!" Nice Cream Guy snapped angrily at Alphys, grabbing her by the tail, yanking her off of his shoulders and setting her back down onto the ground with an angry hands-on-the-hips judgment glare while she fruitlessly (not to mention fruitily) attempted to garner forced sympathy from him by purposefully making her eyes look as adorably sad and twinkly as possible.

"Oh, dear God, my baby! My BABY'S still inside!" Officer Toriel pushed violently against the CAUTION: DO NOT ENTER tape blockade surrounding the disaster scene, crying and screaming in terror while Alphys smugly turned tail and attempted to slyly tiptoe and stroll right out through the other side of the blockade while Nice Cream Guy wasn't looking...but luckily to no avail, of course.

"Oh NO, you don't!" Nice Cream Guy laughed heartily, grabbing Alphys by the tail yet again, spinning her around and around (like Mario did to Bowser in Super Mario 64, of course) until she began vomiting rainbow-colored sherbet juice all over the ground.

"Who is the master that makes the grass green?" Alphys rambled absentmindedly to herself as she dizzily stumbled back and forth before finally, exhaustedly shaking her head back into focus.

"Why, ME, of course!" Nice Cream Guy chuckled, grabbing a rather suspiciously rainbow-flavored-sherbet-colored swirly firehose from his firetruck and handing it to her. "And speaking of rainbow-colored vomit, why that's EXACTLY what this sweet, sweet HOSE child o' mine sprays...only in considerably-less-gross melted ICE CREAM form!" he continued laughing, slapping Alphys on the back so hard that she accidentally puked up a dead cockroach...which then immediately crawled straight into the nearest storm-drainage sewer outlet, because go figure.

"Um...m-ME? Help p-put out the FIRE?" Alphys asked Nice Cream Guy nervously, shaking in her sneakers and glancing all around her in yet another spastic fit of extreme paranoia as her knees once again began quivering like a bowl full of Jell-O...when suddenly, she looked up at the billboard on top of the building right next to the one that was currently on fire and saw that it contained an advertisement for the upcoming Holocaust museum in Washington DC!

"Wait a minute...HOLOCAUST...MUSEUM OF INFAMOUSLY HORRIBLE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO PEOPLE AT SOME POINT IN THE PAST...THAT'S IT!" Alphys gasped in sudden realization as the memory of what Gaster had told her immediately began flooding her mind.

"Laboratory, Jewish slaughterhouse...it's all in your mind!" Gaster's internal guidance voice whispered ominously through Alphys' mind, causing her to briefly but sweetly hallucinate herself pole-dancing naked atop a massive spinning ocean of inferior non-Aryan-race monster corpses as a great big lightbulb suddenly appeared right above her cute little head, shining so incredibly brightly that it ended up violently exploding into a million razor-sharp pieces!

"MY EYEEES!" quite a few of the people around her (including most of the firefighters) clutched their faces, cried and shrieked in agonizing pain and shortly thereafter collapsed unconscious onto the cold, hard pavement as blood poured in copious quantities from their eye sockets.

"Yeah, THAT'S right; MY GUITAR IS IN MY MINNNNNNDDDDDD!" Alphys promptly began laughing maniacally as the power of her imagination suddenly transformed her firehose into a magical replica of her guitar that sprayed endless streams of melted rainbow-colored ice cream from its handle...I'm honestly not sure whether or not to WISH that I was making this sh\*\* up, just for the record.

Also just for the record, I feel like you really oughta know by now that Gaster actually was, in fact, literally stowed away alarmingly deep inside Alphys' brain from this point onward in the story, with the command sensor for his magically infinite-batteried wireless Guitar Hero 3 guitar-peripheral controller plugged firmly into one of a vast multitude of USB ports on the lower section of the main central-nervous-system supercomputer that just so happened to be intricately lodged in the internal portion of her frontal lobe as per classic nonsensical cartoon-logic law and all that it dictated for often more-than-likely-fetishistic reasons...well, okay, technically, he was also using the built-in mouse and keyboard to browse through the extensive library of Alphys X Amalgamates porn that had been life-scarringly stored in the poor girl's memory banks rather than simply deleting it, but that's a whole different matter entirely.

"LEAVE IT TO ALPHYYYYYSSSS!" Alphys yelled at the top of her ever-loving reptilian lungs for surprisingly only the SECOND time so far, creating yet another psychedelic explosion of random colors and diamonds all over the place as she turned on the hose and immediately got to work, almost forgetting that she was basically in the cult-cartoon equivalent to a 1990s Disney movie, and thus, literally EVERYTHING eventually had to be decided through over-the-top musical numbers.

"Let's get high, let's get hyper! Spray the sugar, come on now!" Nice Cream Guy sang while Alphys excitedly fantasized about being in Pyroland (the Team Fortress 2 equivalent to Equestria, except even more bright, colorful and happy) and spraying literal rainbows all over his national landmark, Mount Firmly Erect Candy Penis With Chocolate Feces On Top.

"We gotta rub it out quick, that's what I'm talkin' about!" Nice Cream Guy sang creepily, unzipping his pants and thrusting his right hand straight down them while Alphys stripped herself naked yet again and briefly began using the hose to completely soak herself from head to toe with ice cream.

"Grip your hose by the girth and get ready for a real SQUIRT!" Nice Cream Guy sang as Alphys sexily spun around clockwise and then counterclockwise, nakedly soaking everyone around her in pure sugary liquid bliss.

"Give these people a show and one that'll make them wanna FLIRT!" Nice Cream Guy sang as Alphys stuck the squirting end of the hose in-between her big chubby tits so that it got all nice and clogged up with ice cream, then finally pushed it out of her cleavage, causing at least half a gallon's worth of magically produced ice cream to violently erupt from the hose and spray itself all over the building as the fire slowly but surely began to die down as a result.

"HOLY SH\*\*!" the crowd yelled in shock at how incredibly perverted the lyrics to the song really were while Alphys' guitar continued erotically squirting ice cream all over the place...even getting it all over the Baconators themselves, much to the restaurant manager's chagrin.

"I've been raping kids for years; let me put you in my candy van!" Nice Cream Guy sang while Alphys shot the hose right up her asshole and sprayed its glorious rushing stream of ice cream right out of her mouth with such astonishing force that it was somehow still able to travel all the way up to the very tip-top of the nearly sky-scraping building!

"WHAT THE F\*\*\*?" the audience gasped in disgust while Alphys stuck the hose right into Nice Cream Guy's mouth, even going as far to push its fervently ejaculating nozzle all the way down

into his larynx until he began gagging and vomiting gloriously with milk-induced pleasure.

"HOLY SH\*\*!" the audience cringed in sexual confusion as Alphys and Nice Cream Guy lovingly, wetly and sloppily french-kissed each other while showering themselves with copious amounts of ice cream.

"Girl, your hair is so soft with the eyes of a tranny!" Nice Cream Guy teasingly sang as Alphys ran clockwise and then counterclockwise around the block and deliberately filled every single open window in the building (in other words, basically every single window on the building) with her hot, sticky melted ice-cream love.

"WHAT THE F\*\*\*?" the audience bursted out laughing in response.

"Put it on my penis real good; slather it and make me feel understood!" Nice Cream Guy sang as he additionally stripped himself naked in public while Alphys covered him with sweet, sweet ice cream.

"If you don't think you're too young, the candyman's daily work can't be done!" Nice Cream Guy sang as Alphys continued spraying the building with ice cream while Burgerpants' nose sprayed blood all over the pavement at the mere sight of Nice Cream Guy's fabulous naked body, prompting him to immediately strip himself naked and tackle the adorable blue bunny bastard onto the ground.

"We be on a roll, literally in fact, lettin' people know we're like gay brothers!" Burgerpants sang as he and Nice Cream Guy lovingly rolled around on the pavement together and french-kissed each other while the glorious sounds of Alphys' power chords echoed through the skyline.

"Ice cream over here, and over there, so the fire won't spread and go no further!" Nice Cream Guy sang as he and Burgerpants began lovingly 69'ing each other in public while Alphys began propelling herself WAY up into the air with her firehose and using to fly ALL around the building!

"Grip your hose by the girth and get ready for a real SQUIRT!" Burgerpants sang, moaning with pleasure and getting down intently on his hands and knees as Nice Cream Guy lovingly thrust his diamond-hard phallic hose into his feline rectum.

"Give these people a show and one that'll make them wanna FLIRT!" Nice Cream Guy sang, giving Burgerpants the footjob of his life while several helicopters gathered together in a triangular formation around the building so that they could capture as much recorded footage of Alphys flying nakedly around the building and shredding the living sh\*\* out of her imaginary guitar as possible...obviously for TOTALLY news-related purposes, of course.

"HOLY SH\*\*!" the crowd gasped in response.

"I've been raping kids for years; let me put you in my candy van!" Burgerpants sang as he stuck his finger right up Nice Cream Guy's hairy sh\*\*\*y bung hole and began twirling it around like a lollipop.

"WHAT THE F\*\*\*?" the crowd gagged in disgust at the mere thought of it.

"HOLY SH\*\*!" the crowd gasped in shock as Alphys nearly fell to her death but luckily saved herself at the very last second with what she naturally assumed to be the power of rock.

"Girl, your hair is so soft with the eyes of a tranny!" Nice Cream Guy and Burgerpants sang to each other as they lovingly, nakedly, passionately stroked their fingers through each other's almost equally girly hair.

"WHAT THE F\*\*\*?" the audience collectively busted out (not to mention a nut) laughing yet again in response.

"Put it on my penis, real good; slather it and make me feel understood!" Burgerpants and Nice Cream Guy sang to each other as they lovingly slathered copious portions of gooey, slimy vaseline all over their hands and gave each other the lotion-assisted handjob of a lifetime.

"If you don't think you're too young, the candyman's daily work can't be done!" Burgerpants and Nice Cream Guy sang together as Alphys gently lowered herself back down onto the ground, prompting the two of them to both pile onto her and collectively rape her together.

"Let's get it on, let's get it on!" the three of them collectively sang together as they began moaning, squirming and screaming with ice-cream-and-semen-bukkake-induced pleasure.

"Where's the fire? It's out now! Time for lunch, let's suck our own dicks!" Alphys, Burgerpants and Nice Cream Guy laughed in unison together as the latter two characters FINALLY looked up for once and noticed that the fire had already been put out at least half of a full MINUTE ago!

"Okay, now THAT right there was pretty f\*\*\*ing sexy; you can go now!" Nice Cream Guy lovingly complimented Alphys, bribing the authoritarian passengers of a passing police car with a hundred dollars (that he had presumably made from working as the part-time owner of some kind of barely-legal strip club or something like that) to let him off scot-free as he, Alphys and Burgerpants all collectively put their clothes back on and immediately went right back to their...ahem...let me try and put this as totally non-sarcastically as possible while still sounding sarcastic..."NORMAL" lives.

"Alright! Now I get to finally move on with my sad miserable sh\*\*heap JOKE of a life!" Alphys laughed and sobbed dementedly as the firetruck finally left the area, leaving the crazy bitch with no less than SIX juicy, fat-and-cholesterol-jam-packed, unfathomably greasy and salty Baconators to collectively eat in a combined effort with Burgerpants!

## After-School Brats

### CHAPTER 4: AFTER-SCHOOL BRATS

"Congratulations; you've not only saved the day from sure destruction, but also let us know EXACTLY who our new totally romantic and not gratuitously sexual crush is directed towards! Now C'MERE, little smoking-hot cutie pies..." the surrounding crowd cackled ominously, advancing creepily toward Alphys and Burgerpants as the two of them huddled up against each other, backed up against the building that the former had just recently single-handedly put out the almost-skyscraper-leveling fire in with freaking ICE CREAM (proving just how truly, utterly batsh\*\*-insane this game really was and leaving the two of them unsure exactly WHAT to expect to happen next), and trembled helplessly with fear.

"AGGGH, god DAMN it, I can't freaking TAKE this sh\*\* anymore! Alphys, take my hand and LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!" Burgerpants got downright fed up with the current situation and desperately begged Alphys, who immediately followed his order and made a beeline right through the crowd with him as he plowed his way right through the massive army of potential rapists without a care in the world...and WITH extreme motherf\*\*\*ing prejudice, of course.

"Come on, Alphys, let's just grab the burgers and SCRAM!" Burgerpants commanded Alphys urgently, taking his half of the six Wendy's Baconators on the complimentary food table and stuffing them into his pants while Alphys took hers and frantically stuffed them into her pants POCKETS.

THREE BURGER EATINGS BY EACH CHARACTER (AND ONE SURPRISINGLY SUCCESSFUL HIDING IN A NEARBY ALLEYWAY) LATER...

"See? TOLD you it was just about literally IMPOSSIBLE to get me fat!" Burgerpants chuckled teasingly, mockingly running in circles around Alphys to show off how obviously more fit and in-shape he was than her; yes, even after eating three Baconators, thanks to the fact that his amazingly high metabolism burned food calories seemingly almost as fast as a racecar burns fuel, he was still the EXACT same handsome, sassy, skinny-as-an-anorexic-rail little sh\*\* as ever, just like the actual writer of this story himself...much to poor Alphys' chagrin, of course.

"My god, do you EVER shut up about how DESPITE EVERYTHING, you're somehow secretly better than everyone else?" Alphys groaned, checking her watch intently and being met with yet another nasty surprise as the two of them reluctantly stepped back out of the alleyway and onto the sidewalk.

"AGGGH!" Alphys screamed in almost exactly the same way that Burgerpants had previously done so just a few measly little paragraphs ago, hallucinating that her hair and quills were both on fire and that she was literally diving right into the exact same horrifyingly massive sea of dead monster bodies that she had already seen on at least two other occasions in literally the exact same manner as how Scrooge McDuck had done so with his money in the intro to Ducktales, vomiting pink chocolate all over them and screaming GOD LFET ME UNFINISHED in the process...except that the BODY pile was already in the process of being CREAMATED, and thus, she was literally burning to death.

Sure enough, Alphys became a slot machine yet again, prompting Burgerpants to annoyedly roll his eyes as he reluctantly reached out with his hands and pulled the disproportionately huge lever that was now sticking out from inside the poor girl's ear canal, causing the pupil portions of her eyes to spin yet again through a whole variety of random shapes and pictures until they finally both

settled on the number 11...which, coincidentally enough, was also the age that she just so happened to be at back when she actually found the type of absolutely disgusting and downright offensive humor in last chapter's musical number unironically funny without it being written by someone like Weird Al and/or Filthy Frank.

"Girl, seriously, what in the actual HELL is WRONG with you?! Call me crazy, but at this point, I'm pretty sure you belong in a freaking MENTAL hospital, NOT on any sort of public concert stage!" Burgerpants yelled frustratedly at Alphys, kneeling down and grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her violently, presumably to try and shake the autism out of her.

"Sorry, pal; it was awfully nice knowing you and all, but I've REALLY gotta now, so uhh...like, BYE and stuff!" Alphys stammered nervously as she immediately took off running as fast as her legs could carry her yet again...only this time, due to the sheer amount of concentrated fast-food bacon and cheese that she had just ate, her stomach suddenly swelled up to unnaturally, morbidly obese proportions, to the point where Burgerpants ended up having to push her like a ball.

"See, what did I tell you about constantly using catchphrases like THIS IS HOW I ROLL?" Burgerpants chuckled as he shoved Alphys over to the nearest...baby store building(?) while a huge parade of overly happy customers immediately came marching out of said store in celebration of the incredibly bewildered and confused girl's "pregnant" arrival.

"Time for you and me to have a spoiled kid; with a baby we should live so CRAPPILY!" the parade of random people (most of whom were, of course, expectant goat-mothers who were more than likely literal genetic clones of Toriel) sang in unison, with all manner of brightly multicolored balloons flying through the air as Muffet, the now-unusually-fat-and-obese nurse at the local abortion clinic, came out with her mouth still covered in fetus blood.

"Could be a boy or a girl, whichever we don't mind at all! Our newborn sh\*\*-skunk will bring lots of rage and tears to all! Uh huh..." the parade continued singing while Alphys finally lost just enough weight (from wiggling her stubby little legs, of course) to where she was able to somewhat comfortably stand on her own two feet again...much to Muffet's chagrin, seeing as how she had been planning to literally eat Alphys alive once the next musical number was over.

"You can buy him every toy in the store! Then you can run around being a whore! You can even teach him to take a sh\*\*!" the parade continued singing while Muffet walked up to Alphys and shook her hand with just one of her no-less-than-six spider hands in a rather...sarcastic gesture of greeting, to put it lightly. She was acting so cloyingly happy, however, that it was rather difficult to even tell.

"OH, MY! Are you in labor?" Muffet gasped, putting four of her hands over her mouth in shock as she saw how incredibly fat(ter) Alphys had gotten from eating all of those Baconators.

"YES..." Alphys moaned in pain, feeling very sick to her stomach as Muffet vomited up a horrifyingly wide assortment of blood and guts all over her, completely and utterly RUINING both her clothes AND her wig.

"I've been doing this for twenty-six-and-a-half YEARS! And you're lucky that I'm in an especially good mood today, because otherwise, I probably would have fed your stupid, fat, good-for-nothing weeaboo lizard ass to my SPIDER GOATS!" Muffet cackled evilly as she gestured toward the Birthmart Discount Center with her hand in an attempt to get Alphys to properly gaze upon it in all of its canon-typically weird, trippy and multicolored glory.

"Um...excuse me...s-SPIDER GOATS?! w-What is this, freaking CHERNOBYL?!" Alphys screamed in horror at the mere thought of what Muffet was most likely referring to as the once-



again-deceptively-cute spider lady grabbed her by the arm(s) and forcefully dragged her into the building.

As Alphys and Muffet entered the shopping center on the second floor of the building, Alphys immediately covered her mouth, gagged and gasped in horror and disgust as she saw a multitude of formerly expectant goat mothers now holding adorable little baby Asriel clones wrapped up as tightly as could be in their blankets with their tiny, fluffy heads just barely poking out...adorable, that is, except for the fact that anyone with even half of a brain could very clearly see the **HIDEOUS MUTANT SPIDER LEG** shapes poking out from inside the blankets; needless to say, it was fairly obvious that there was some really **SERIOUS** interspecies-breeding f\*\*\*ery going on here.

"Okay, everyone!" Muffet cheered happily for all of the goat mothers and their horrifically mutated bastard children, throwing up even more blood and guts all over the floor as she spoke. "I'm proud of ALL of you! All of the babies look **JUST** right, if I do say so myself!"

"OH DEAR GOD, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE...BLEEEAAAUUGGGHHH!" Alphys heaved in disgust, gagging herself with her left index finger and violently throwing up all over the floor to ease the pain as her formerly aching stomach suddenly shrank back to normal size as a result.

"Hey, you didn't even really **HAVE** a baby in the **FIRST** freaking place, **DID** you?" Muffet sneered lividly at Alphys, vomiting even more blood and guts all over her in anger as she grabbed one of the many loudly moaning, crying, bleating and hissing spider-goat babies from the nearby playpen and handed another especially long-eared and sharp-toothed one of them to Alphys, who was actually quite shocked to find herself gazing lovingly in admiration at its no less than **FIVE** adorably twinkly and sparkly little spider eyes as it meekly wigged its dainty little mutant spider legs about like the horrifically inbred little spawn of Satan that it quite frankly was.

"Well, come on, you goddamned yellow-bellied, lily-livered little **SKANK**; let's go ahead and get to **WORK** already, shall we?" Muffet growled impatiently at Alphys while the babies began collectively screaming, crying and hissing so loudly in agonizing genetic-mismatch pain that it actually caused both of the poor women's aching and bleeding ears to literally audibly beg for mercy.

"Wow, I almost forgot just **HOW** f\*\*\*ed-up this game actually is at times..." Alphys gasped in highly unpleasant surprise, covering her mouth and gagging yet again in disgust as she found a nice big group of especially horrifically malformed mutant spider-goat babies (most of them already dead, of course) gathered together on a literal Russian Roulette wheel where the fountain was supposed to be.

"Hey, what the hell do you think **YOU'RE** looking at, you sick nasty f\*\*\*?" Muffet hypocritically yelled at Alphys, smacking her across the face and systematically reloading the wheel with yet another batch of rejected failed abortions while Alphys' brain suddenly began kicking into overdrive.

"Come on, **THINK, THINK, THINK!**" Alphys chanted frantically to herself, triggering a very-clearly-ripped-off-from-Jimmy-Neutron sequence in which the camera zoomed its way directly through her ear canal (earwax museum, caked blood, dead bugs and all, of course) and into her brain, in which she was having yet another rapidly spinning hallucination involving her literally swimming around in the amalgamated half-liquid sea of genetically inferior monster corpses that she secretly had locked down in the True Lab's basement while a wide assortment of rainbow-colored flowers whizzed through the background.

"BRAIN BLAST!" Alphys yelled excessively loudly, pointing her index finger straight up into the air while the babies began crying ever-so-slightly even louder and more annoyingly as a result.

"Laboratory, Jewish slaughterhouse, it's all in your mind..." Gaster briefly popped his disturbingly long extendable neck out of Alphys' right ear and whispered into her left ear, immediately retracting himself back into her head before she was able to see him.

"Yeah, THAT'S right; MY GUITAR IS IN MY MINNNNNNDDDDDD!" Alphys yelled at the tops of her ever-loving reptilian lungs for thankfully only the SECOND time so far as the power of her imagination suddenly turned the freakishly mutated spider-goat baby that she was currently loading into...get this...a freaking GUITAR. Again, I SERIOUSLY wish that I was making this sh\*\* up, but trust me, I'm really not.

"LEAVE IT TO ALPHYYYYSSSS!" Alphys melodramatically yelled at the top of her lungs for the THIRD time so far, clutching her moaning, bleating, spider-legged guitar tightly in her hands as yet another seizure-inducing explosion of random colors and diamonds surged all across and around the screen, prompting the game's next obligatory musical number, courtesy of Muffet and her personal favorite baby of the bunch, Totally-Not Asriel Dreemurr (actually not sarcasm, believe it or not), to finally officially begin once and for all.

"Now put these little sh\*\*s to sleep, will ya!?" Muffet sang as a whole multicolored ocean of Skittles, M&M's and Dippin' Dots of all different completely random shapes and sizes began irregularly flowing and pulsating through the background (and in some cases, even the foreground), with some of them even having hands extending out of them so that they could lovingly(?) hold Muffet's horrifically mutated baby goat-spider abominations for themselves.

"Ma ma ma ma, ma ma ma ma, ma ma ma ma, ma ma ma ma..." Muffet's baby sang at ridiculously fast speed while Alphys tried desperately to keep up on her trademark stoner-rock guitar.

"Pa pa pa pa, pa pa pa pa, pa pa pa pa, pa pa pa pa..." Muffet's baby, again, rapped at a ludicrously rapid rate while Alphys struggled frantically to keep up on her autographed Jimi Hendrix guitar.

"Gimme some milk, gimme some bugs!" Muffet's baby sang and hissed (even though he wasn't even supposed to be old enough to speak yet), baring his razor-sharp, blood-dripping, unnaturally large and squiggly little teeth at Alphys, who immediately flinched backward and shielded herself with her guitar in response while Muffet's baby ominously, ravenously licked his lips.

"Look at me now, you nasty f\*\*\*s!" Muffet's baby sang, wiggling his spider-legs up and down, all around and about while Muffet briefly undid his blanket wrapping to reveal his torso, causing Alphys to audibly gag, retch and throw up all over the floor in frightful disgust and utter disbelief.

"Come on kids, let's eat each other!" Muffet egged her little horribly failed inbreeding experiments on while Alphys just shook her head and pretended that it was all just a nightmare.

"When will my parents put me out of my misery?" Muffet's baby cried and screamed in agony.

"You rotten little SH\*\*!" Muffet yelled loudly at her own baby, slapping him across the face so hard that she actually ended up drawing blood while Alphys narrowly resisted the urge to just outright bash her stupid rotten skull in with her guitar.

"I can feel spiders eating my insides!" Muffet's baby continued crying in agonizing pain while Alphys shredded out a rather fittingly heavy-metal-style solo on her guitar.

"STUPID BRAT! You're a web of LIES!" Muffet yelled furiously at her own baby, briefly tossing him down hard onto the floor and viciously stomping his screaming, wailing and hissing face in.

"Ma ma ma ma, ma ma..." Muffet's baby meekly wailed, coughing up blood all over Muffet's fancy skirt.

"THIS SKIRT COST TEN FREAKING DOLLARS!" Muffet roared infuriatedly at her own baby, using her many, many index fingers to viciously jab him in all five of his eyes at once; so ridiculously hard, in fact, that it actually caused all five of them to violently BLEED.

"Pa pa pa pa, pa pa..." Muffet's baby rambled, too mentally retarded to think of anything else.

"YOU GODFORSAKEN, WORTHLESS, AUTISTIC PIECE OF STUPID MOTHERF\*\*\*ING GARBAGE!" Muffet screamed at him.

"Somebody save me from this rotten bitch!" Muffet's baby desperately begged for help.

"HEY, YOU'RE THE F\*\*\*ING ROTTEN LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT HERE!" Muffet screamed at her own baby in a temper-tantrum-esque fit of rage, jumping up and down like a spoiled little kid on top of her baby's beaten, battered, tormented, crying, moaning, wailing and bleeding body.

"I don't mean to be a snitch!" Muffet's baby meekly sputtered through broken ribs.

"OHHH! Well, uhh...you're still a pathetic faggoty queer?" Muffet gasped in surprise, taking her magic medication and suddenly returning back to her...AHEM...normal personality again.

"Eat me alive!" Muffet's baby urgently commanded her, clutching his chest and weeping in agony.

"Oh yes, I will!" Muffet cackled evilly, licking her lips more-than-a-little unsettlingly.

"Didn't you know?" Muffet's baby asked her.

"About WHAT?" Muffet replied curiously.

"I wanna DIE!" Muffet's baby begged her desperately.

"Oh, but WHY?" Muffet asked him sarcastically.

"Just LOOK at me!" Muffet's baby snapped furiously at her.

"I'd rather NOT!" Muffet laughed evilly, patting him on the head.

"Now put these little sh\*\*s to sleep, will ya!?" Muffet sang while just continued shreeding on her imaginary guitar, as it was literally her only sufficient method of dealing with her currently ever-growing existential crisis.

"I think my diaper is webbed!" Muffet's baby giggled, choked and coughed.

"I think the bed gon' be next!" Muffet's baby continued giggling, coughing and choking while Muffet reluctantly restrained herself from slapping him across the face and instead just collectively rolled her eyes in response.

"I wanna die, I don't even know...how much longer, I can take this!" Muffet's baby cried and wailed while Alphys reluctantly sighed and nodded her head in relatable agreement.

"You are the person who's #\$\$^&! Or was it Mama or #\$\$^&!" Muffet's baby screamed in a fit of

sorrowful rage, flailing his spider-legs all over the place and shaking wildly in his blanket.

"Now put these little sh\*\*s to sleep, will ya!?" Muffet sang as even more of her obnoxious little Chernobyl abominations came flooding into the room through numerous delivery chutes.

"I feel like I'm gonna puke!" Muffet's baby wailed as she fed him the remaining contents of his alcoholic baby bottle, causing his head to dizzily, gaggingly, hiccupingly sway back and forth.

"Yeah I know, it's called a hangover!" Muffet laughed merrily, patting him on the head.

"Now can I please have my food?" Muffet's baby asked her with forcedly twinkly eyes.

"Of course you can, help yourself!" Muffet laughed, pointing intently at the massive pile of slowly but surely rotting mutant spider-goat corpses lying right next to the Russian Roulette wheel.

"Now put these little sh\*\*s to sleep, will ya!?" Muffet groaned irritably as the babies began crying so loudly in pain that it actually began to drown out the already-ear-blisteringly-loud noises that were being made by Alphys' guitar.

"Papa, can I go and kill myself before I go and lay eggs?" Muffet's baby cried and sobbed in pain, biting his tongue with his horrifyingly malformed canine teeth and drinking the blood.

"Come on, Papa, let him kill him, kill himself!" Muffet laughed, rocking him in her arms while Alphys simultaneously rocked OUT with him #2 in HER vastly more caring and loving arms.

"Mama can I eat the food that's laced with cyanide and poison?" Muffet's baby begged her, poofing out his fluffy little lips and curling up into a perfectly egg-shaped, two-armed, six-legged little ball.

"You too Mama, come and bring on the ritual!" Muffet laughed as her babies eagerly lit an ominously bone-decorated torch right in the middle of the Russian Roulette wheel and drew a massive demonic Pentagram signal on the wheel itself with blood-red magic marker.

"There isn't even any point to living!" Muffet's baby cried as god-knows-how-many of his meaningless, soulless, exactly-the-same-as-him friends stepped onto the Russian Roulette wheel and tragically, willingly executed themselves one by one.

"But you get to eat your own KIND!" Muffet laughed, licking her lips as she fantasized about all of the wildly varying different ways that she would later be able to cook their rotting corpses.

"Buy me a knife so I can slice my head off!" Muffet's baby begged her desperately.

"Time to get EDGY!" Muffet laughed, winking at the audience (as if any of them would actually find her stupid idiotic own funny) as the song finally ended, leaving Alphys literally at a complete and utter loss for words after the absolutely horrific things that she had just heard and witnessed.

"I'll shut up now; I know I'm completely hopeless anyway..." Muffet's baby sighed, curling up into a creepy and incredibly disturbing (yet, at the same time, weirdly fluffy and adorable) little ball yet again and crying himself to sleep while Alphys ran out of the building screaming for dear life.

## **Now Which One Is My Right Hand?**

### **CHAPTER 5: NOW WHICH ONE IS MY RIGHT HAND?**

Immediately after she had finally made it out of Muffet's godforsaken day-care skyscraper and taken a few brief seconds to catch her exhausted breath, Alphys looked down at her watch and immediately shrieked in terror yet again as she realized just how little time she (thought she) already had left to get to her big concert show!

"AGGGH!" she screamed yet AGAIN, triggering yet another hallucination in which she was unbirthing herself into Reaper Bird's mouth and coming out as a freakish lizard-tarantula hybrid as the slot machine lever extended itself from her ear canal yet again, prompting her to routinely pull it...which, of course, caused her pupils to rotate between a widely assorted series of random pictures as always before finally stopping on the number 8...which, coincidentally enough, was about how old she had been back when her mother had permanently left her and shipped her off to an orphanage!

"Oh god, I only have EIGHT MORE MINUTES!" Alphys gasped in terror, immediately bolting off yet again and accidentally tripping her way onto a conspicuously rainbow-colored skateboard that some stupid douche had just left lying around on the sidewalk.

"Hey, just where the hell do you think YOU'RE going?! GIMME MY FREAKING SKATEBOARD BACK, YOU LITTLE JERK-NUGGET!" Underfresh Sans yelled angrily and shook his fist at her, attempting to chase after her...but alas, he simply wasn't as powerful as the real Sans (or most of his other alternate-universe counterparts, for that matter) and thus did not have the ability to teleport like the real thing could.

"Whoa, whoa, WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA, WHAT THE F\*\*\* IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?!" Alphys screamed in terror, feeling immense amounts of vertigo as the skateboard suddenly warped through at least six different alternate dimensions before finally warping its way back into the main one, then suddenly started going backwards all by itself while an airplane suddenly briefly landed on the street out of nowhere, crashing right through numerous surrounding buildings within its frightfully massive wingspan as Alphys fearfully chased after it on the skateboard.

"Oh crap, the plane is leaving, the PLANE is leaving!" Alphys gasped in horror, chasing after the plane as fast as the skateboard's wheels could carry her until she finally caught it, at which point she immediately jumped off of the skateboard, clambered her way into the plane's passenger area through one of the side doors, and nervously stepped into the rather suspiciously and unsettlingly unguarded cockpit, in which Papyrus (who, frighteningly enough, was currently serving as the sole pilot of the plane) was busy being weird and childish as always.

"Hmm, let's see now...was I planning to make RED-sauce pasta or WHITE-sauce? Which color is more quintessentially befitting of I, the great Papyrus, I do wonder?" Papyrus scratched his bony, skeletal head and contemplated curiously to himself as an oddly specifically-placed loose panel of the cockpit's ceiling suddenly came down right on top of his head, causing him to suddenly switch personalities and become a much more short-tempered and bossy version of himself as he FINALLY remembered to turn the plane's auto-pilot feature back on.

"I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, ABSOLUTELY MUST PUT THAT STUPID PESKY CEILING PANEL BACK IN IF IT'S THE LAST THING THAT I DO!" Papyrus growled lividly in frustration as he forcefully shoved the loose panel back into the ceiling, crossing his arms over his

chest and still not even bothering to actually fly the plane; in fact, he wasn't even sitting in the lead pilot seat, he was actually sitting in the ASSISTANT pilot seat.

"No no, please don't hurt me, I'M TOO CUTE!" Alphys squealed in fright, backing up against the cockpit entrance door and covering her eyes with her hands as Papyrus suddenly turned around in his seat, saw Alphys standing behind him and immediately began angrily walking toward her, with steam shooting out of his earholes while his eyes swirled around like cartoon hypnosis effects, with him and his sheer height VERY intimidatingly towering over her all the while.

"Where in the heck were YOU, royal guardsman?" Papyrus yelled inquisitively at her.

"Umm...I'll have you know that I'm actually a former royal scientistWOMAN..." Alphys nervously and awkwardly reminded her, biting her nails and wrapping her tail around her legs helplessly.

"Haven't you ever heard the terms POWERFUL, POPULAR, PRESTIGIOUS, and most importantly PUNCUTAL? All of these are words that PERFECTLY describe the great Papyrus, and thus, all of them are also things that you yourself should ALSO aspire to be as well!" Papyrus ranted both furiously and surprisingly motivationally at Alphys, almost like the drill instructor straight out of Full Metal Jacket except somehow even more freaking annoying.

"When you live in a place like the Underground, a seemingly miniscule little split-second decision in battle can more-often-than-not mean the difference between LIFE and DEATH, not only for yourself but also for your ENEMIES as well!" Papyrus continued ranting angrily at her.

"But, umm...sorry to have to inform about this, sir, but we're not EXACTLY in a place like the Underground right now..." Alphys meekly reminded him, blushing and twiddling her fingers.

"Golly gee WILLIKERS, what utterly ASTONISHING levels of SASS you exhibit! Almost enough to even put my accursed BROTHER to shame, dare I say!" Papyrus laughed uproariously, clutching his...well, his spinal cord, I guess. "But STILL not even NEARLY enough to-"

"D'OH!" Papyrus grunted in pain as yet another precariously and oddly-specifically placed ceiling panel came crashing down onto his head yet again, causing him to suddenly switch back into his...ahem...NORMAL personality and start acting like a severely autistic old man on all kinds of meth.

"The great Papyrus is so sleeepy...!" Papyrus moaned and groaned exhaustedly, his arms drooping down limply towards the floor as he desperately struggled to stay awake.

Alphys simply stood in front of him and stared at him, speechless, with her jaw dropped to the floor.

"The great Papyrus also kinda forgot how to fly things that aren't the great Flying Spaghetti Monster, to be perfectly honest with you..." Papyrus slurred dizzily as he returned to his seat.

"Um, O-KAY?" Alphys stammered nervously, cocking an eyebrow bewilderedly at him, shrugging her shoulders and letting loose a long, deeply exhausted sigh as she gradually began to realize that she was once again more-than-likely going to end up having to do the virtually impossible at the rate at which things were currently going between her and Pappy.

"You see, I kind of had to go and brush my teeth a few days ago!" Papyrus dopily chuckled and explained, bringing his perpetually-open mouth real close to Alphys' face so that she could get a nice, detailed look at the fact that his teeth had almost as many holes in them as a slice of Swiss cheese...or perhaps even the plot of this weird-ass, LSD-intoxicated GAME, for that matter.

"Tee hee hee...oh boy, I can eat all the candy I desire now! Why, I can even use it in my pasta sauce like a wannabe Will Ferrell!" Papyrus giggled childishly, still not even mentioning a single thing about ACTUALLY BOTHERING TO DO HIS JOB AND FLY THE FREAKING PLANE.

"D'OH!" Papyrus grunted in pain once again as the loose ceiling panel right above his seat came crashing down onto his head yet AGAIN, causing him to promptly switch back into angry mode again.

"OH, BLASTED CURSED JIMINY-CRICKET SNICKERDOODLES, IT FREAKING FELL DOWN AGAIN!" Papyrus yelled angrily, grabbing Alphys forcefully and slamming her down into the main pilot seat.

"Look, I TOLD you we don't have all DAY here! If you don't hurry up and fend for yourself like a good royal soldier, then this whole freaking PLANE is literally going to crash and burn like my former COOKING career, you hear me?! QUIT LOLLYGAGGING AND SASSAFRASSING LIKE A GOOGLY MOOGLY BOONDOGLER AND GET TO FREAKING WORK RIGHT NOW!" Papyrus ranted furiously at the poor girl, forcing her hands forcefully onto the main steering lever.

"Um...w-well, I w-wasn't exactly the Royal P-PILOT, you know..." Alphys glanced nervously around herself and stammered in a cross between playful embarrassment and outright life-or-death terror as her blushing, fidgeting and finger-twiddling rather noticeably intensified.

"OUCH!" Papyrus yelled in pain as the ceiling panel came down and hit him yet again.

"Here, I'll teach you anything and everything that you could ever desire to know about the delicate and graceful art of plane-flying! Now, uhh...which one is my right hand again?" Papyrus rambled absentmindedly as he secretly began fantasizing about seeing poor Alphys naked.

"Passengers, may I have your attention, please? The plane will finish taking off very shortly, so please fasten your seatbelts at this time." the airplane's flight attendant sternly instructed the passengers over the intercom while Alphys jittered and shook nervously in her seat.

"Oh, and yes, that also goes for everyone visiting the virtual Holocaust museum downstairs, by the way!" the flight attendant also additionally pointed out, causing the word HOLOCAUST to resonantly echo through Alphys' ear canals and directly into her brain as she suddenly went into yet another hallucination; seriously, was NO ONE besides Burgerpants able to freaking SEE just how obviously, deeply mentally troubled this poor girl really was underneath her cute little surface?

"Laboratory, Jewish slaughterhouse...it's all in your mind..." Gaster's internal guidance voice reminded her (with her own inner voice joining in this time, surprisingly enough) as the two of them rode a canoe lengthwise across a river of inferior-race monster corpses and made out lovingly with each other as if they were traveling through a Tunnel Of Love in the process.

"Yeah, THAT'S right; MY GUITAR IS IN MY MINNNNNNDDDDDD!" Alphys yelled at the tops of her ever-loving, reptilian, snot-congested, sperm-sucking, sh\*\*-eating, stupid f\*\*\*ing lungs for at least the THIRD goddamned time in a row as random colors and diamonds exploded all over the screen as if the animators from The Problem Solverz and Ren & Stimpy had literally just straight-up collectively vomited out their visual-effects equipment all over the game.

"LEAVE IT TO ALPHYYYYSSSS!" Alphys yelled for the FOURTH goddamned time as she excitedly grabbed the steering lever of the plane and began playing it like a guitar. Yes, seriously, like a freaking GUITAR. I honestly don't even know WHAT the hell I'm supposed to believe

anymore; could somebody PLEASE at least give me a freaking HINT for God's sake? WHAT IN THE ACTUAL HELL WERE THE PEOPLE WHO CAME UP WITH THIS SH\*\* SMOKING?!

(We apologize for the inconvenience; the narrator has gone completely insane and now has to be sent to therapy. Please wait a few minutes and take a quick coffee break in the meantime.)

PHEW, that was a CLOSE one...anyway, with all that being said and done, Alphys' most dangerous musical performance yet began; if she failed, the entire PLANE was going to nosedive straight into the ground, especially considering how terrifyingly little the actual main pilot actually knew and remembered about how to fly it! (Man, was this girl completely f\*\*\*ed or WHAT?)

"Flying colors here, flying colors there, show me what'chu got, BE A STAR!" Papyrus began barking orders like a stereotypical heavy-metal singer while he and Alphys (and even the plane itself, believe it or not) both began fervently headbanging to the hardcore rock'n'roll beat.

"Get up in the morn, run around the track! Hoot about how great WE ARE!" Papyrus continued barking orders at poor Alphys while she was LITERALLY using the freaking STEERING LEVER OF AN AIRPLANE as a goddamned GUITAR (do I really even need to explain how goddamned awesome that is?)...when all of a sudden, the ceiling panel collapsed onto Papyrus' aching head yet AGAIN!

"Did I eat my noods? Did you send me nudes?" Papyrus dizzily slurred, swaying almost-drunkenly back and forth while Alphys cocked an eyebrow somewhat creeped-outly at him...but of course, THAT feeling didn't exactly last for the longest of times, as approximately two or three seconds later, Papyrus got hit in the head by the ceiling panel for what had to have been AT LEAST the tenth freaking time. (Jesus CHRIST, when were the freaking repairmen going to fix that sh\*\*?)

"Auto pilot on, auto pilot off!" Papyrus barked while Alphys briefly ceased her guitar-playing to scream for dear life, lunge onto him, shove him right out of his seat and turn the autopilot back on while the airplane began plummeting and corkscrewing straight toward the ground at terminal velocity!

"Little bit of this, little bit of that!" Papyrus continued barking as he briefly pickpocketed Alphys' eyeshadow, blonde wig and lip gloss (provoking a loud and irritated HEY from her) and applied them onto his featureless, skeletal face, then quickly stuffed the makeup items back into Alphys' pocket and briefly admired himself in the central rear-view mirror...when suddenly, at a moment's notice, he got hit by the ceiling panel yet AGAIN! (Seriously, how many freaking times has it been now?)

"Now do you like skellies? Soap operas on tellies?" Papyrus slurred dizzily, pulling out a polka-dotted pink dress from the glove compartment and putting it on while Alphys turned bright red and sucked her chubby little cheeks in as far as they could possibly go, trying unbearably hard not to laugh as Papyrus got hit on the head with the ceiling panel...(sigh)...yet again.

"1 2, 3 4, 5, 6! Let's have birds-and-bees SEX!" Papyrus barked with a wink and a blown kiss and an exaggeratedly sexy pose at Alphys, causing the poor girl to uncontrollably burst out laughing hysterically while the plane began wildly swerving about as a result...meanwhile, Papyrus got in the head with the ceiling panel...(groan)...again.

"My life's insane...so is my brain..." Papyrus rambled dazedly while Alphys nodded her head in agreement.

"May I HELP you?" Alphys briefly turned her head (while still playing the guitar, thankfully) and asked him, flinching back in surprise as he got hit in the head with the ceiling panel yet AGAIN.



"Flying colors here, flying colors there, show we what'chu got, BE A STAR!" Papyrus barked furiously while Alphys shredded her guitar so hard that she actually started sweating a little (well, actually, more like A LOT).

"Get up in the morn, run around the track! Hoot about how great WE ARE!" Papyrus continued barking as he wiped all of the delicious salty sweat off of Alphys' face with a handkerchief and ate it...and of course, just then, the ceiling panel just HAD to come crashing down on top of his head yet again!

"I thought I just made ravioli for me..." Papyrus dazedly slurred as he put his hands into prayer position, leaned his head onto them, fell asleep and began daydreaming about various stereotypically Italian foods.

"I want spaghetti and lasagna to eat..." Papyrus moaned and drooled with pleasure as he daydreamed that he was literally swimming in pure concentrated pasta while wearing his favorite Luigi costume...well, that is, until Alphys leaned over and kicked him in the face to knock him back to his senses, at least!

"Now let's move our bodies; life is a great big dance-off, so strike a pose!" Papyrus ironically commanded both Alphys and himself, despite the fact that they were both currently sitting in an airplane.

"You think I'm weird now? I got the skills to play a flute with my nose!" Papyrus laughed, pulling out a flute from the glove compartment and playing the closing solo to the Spongebob theme through his nose with it.

"My life's insane...so is my brain..." Papyrus and Alphys both sang together as Papyrus got hit on the head for, like, the absolute MILLIONTH freaking time and stuff by the ceiling panel.

"Throttle up, flaps down! Power up, gears down!" Papyrus barked while Alphys took off her shoes and socks and began readjusting the controls back to their optimal settings with her bare, smelly feet while also playing the guitar with her hands at the exact same time; meanwhile, Papyrus got conked in the head for the god-knows-eth-how-manyeth time by the ceiling panel.

"I'm getting horny...I want your feets..." Papyrus moaned with delight, attempting to reach in and grab Alphys' dainty little lizard feet for a nice, long worshipping session as he began excitedly hanging out his ecto-tongue and drooling and panting and sniffing like a dog...that is, until Alphys reflexively kicked him in the face, of course!

"Auto pilot on, auto pilot off!" Papyrus barked while Alphys quickly reworked the levers with her feet.

"Little bit of this, little bit of that!" Papyrus laughed, reaching in to try and worship Alphys' adorable little feet yet again while he still theoretically had the chance...and also getting kicked in the face yet again, of course!

"Now do you like skellies? Soap operas on tellies?" Papyrus dazedly slurred to himself as Alphys playfully, teasingly kicked him in the face yet again, taking very clear advantage of him.

"1 2, 3 4, 5 6! Let's have birds-and-bees SEX!" Papyrus barked yet again, causing Alphys to burst out laughing so hard that she ended up ACCIDENTALLY kicking him in the face!

"In the old days I was a hero but look at me, I'm a manchild and a fraud..." Papyrus curled up in a sad little ball and began crying and helplessly sucking his thumb in his seat...while ALPHYS, of all

people, was actually the one being the badass out of the two of them, ironically enough.

"I'm still wondering, how you will land this...please don't crash it in a parking lot..." Papyrus begged Alphys, who clearly wasn't paying attention in the slightest because her guitar (not to mention her sheer awesomeness combined with her overwhelming ego) was simply far too loud for her to hear him.

"That was greater than great!" Papyrus proudly egged Alphys on, hugging her tightly in his arms as the plane luckily made it through its flight without crashing...the destination OF said flight, however, was a whole different story entirely!

"I think that's enough FUN for one day..." Alphys sighed, readjusting her incredibly lopsided glasses and putting her footwear back on as Papyrus gently set back down into her seat.

# You Said Anything, Didn't Ya?

## CHAPTER 6: YOU SAID ANYTHING, DIDN'T YA?

"HOLY JUMPING JELLYBEANS IN A RUSTY OLD TIN CAN!" Papyrus screamed for dear life as Alphys, in the process of absentmindedly pretending that she was playing guitar with his airplane's main steering lever, accidentally crashed his airplane right through the Twin Towers and then directly into the EXACT center of Times Square!

"JESUS CHRIST, Alphys, be more CAREFUL next time!" Papyrus shook his fist at her and angrily scolded her as the two of them jumped out of the plane through the passenger door.

"Nothing to see here, everyone, move along, move along..." Alphys thought desperately to herself, crossing her arms behind her back and walking across the street about as sassily as could be, sweating and trembling as nervously as could be, and also whistling every bit as fake-innocently as could be as she pulled out a quarter from her pocket and filled up the parking meter with it, then looked down at her watch and gasped in horror when she saw just how little time she (thought she) had left!

"GAHHH!" Alphys screamed in shock, grabbing her chubby little cheeks with her hands in a way that looked like it was literally ripped straight off of the cover to the original Home Alone movie as she hallucinated herself being erotically chewed on by Lemon Bread's teeth (which were inside of Undyne's mouth, which was also inside of Papyrus' mouth), then pulled the obligatory slot-machine lever that routinely extended out of her ear canal yet again as her pupils once again rotated between a whole bunch of random pictures, then finally stopped on the number 3...which, coincidentally, was also technically the exact number of feet tall that she had always seemed back when she was always constantly hunchbacked all the time!

"I only have THREE MINUTES left until the big concert now!" Alphys gasped.

"But I'm pretty sure that I'm still close enough to be able to make it in time now; thanks, skeleton pal!" Alphys waved thankfully to Papyrus while he just nonchalantly turned around and waved goodbye back...all the while, everyone in Times Square was either glaring downright evilly at her, or in a few of the crash victims' cases, screaming in unbearable agony.

"Umm...ehehe...s-sorry, g-GOTTA RUN! EHEHE!" Alphys stammered fearfully as she kicked her feet into maximum gear and took off running as fast as her legs could carry her like someone off of Scooby-Doo (luckily in the general direction of the concert hall, as the GPS system that Gaster had secretly programmed into her brain had been telling her) while the surrounding crowd formed together into an angry mob and began chasing her with torches and pitchforks.

"Um, EXCUSE ME, PARDON ME, I'M VERY SORRY, PLEASE UNDERSTAND!" Alphys stammered awkwardly and humiliatedly as she frantically plowed her way through the makeshift blockade of unarmed civilians standing in her way by spinning around in circles like a ballerina and forcefully tripping them over with her surprisingly strong tail while the armed mob chased after her.

"Oh dear God, I am simply NEVER going to be able to live this down, am I?" Alphys sighed, making a sharp turn into the nearest back alleyway and immediately jumping into the dumpster while the angry mob thunderously (but luckily brainlessly) charged right past her and disappeared off into the distance.

"Alright, now let's see how my guitar's doing..." Alphys sighed, jumping right back out of the dumpster and brushing the slimy old banana peels, condiment-stained fast-food wrappers and dead fish skeletons out of her hair (and quills as well, just to make things even MORE annoying for her) as she carefully searched through her pockets...only to suddenly make her utterly horrifying realization yet!

"My...m-my GUITAR! w-WHERE DID I PUT IT, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE?!" Alphys screamed in terror as she rummaged as frantically as could be through her pockets, pulling out several used determination injectors, a physical 3DS copy of Undertale, her treasured Um Jammer Lammy bodypillow, several bags of (soy sauce, sriracha and wasabi) flavored jelly beans, at least two My Little Pony buttock plushes and her Mettaton-shaped notebook, along with...ahem...

Allen wrenches, gerbil feeders, toilet seats, electric heaters, trash compactors, juice extractors, shower rods and water meters, walkie-talkies, copper wires, safety goggles, radial tires, BB pellets, rubber mallets, fans and dehumidifiers, picture hangers, paper cutters, waffle irons, window shutters, paint removers, window louvers, masking tape and plastic gutters, kitchen faucets, folding tables, weather stripping, jumper cables, hooks and tackle, grout and spackle, power foggers, spoons and ladles, pesticides for fumigation, high-performance lubrication, metal roofing, water proofing, multi-purpose insulation, air compressors, brass connectors, wrecking chisels, smoke detectors, tire gauges, hamster cages, thermostats and bug deflectors, trailer hitch demagnetizers, automatic circumcisers, tennis rackets, angle brackets, Duracells and Energizers, soffit panels, circuit breakers, vacuum cleaners, coffee makers, calculators, generators, matching salt and pepper shakers!

(In other words, pretty much literally EVERYTHING except her guitar.)

"OH NO, I LEFT IT ON THE PLAYYY-HAY-HAY-HAYYYNE!" Alphys screamed and wailed at the top of her lungs, tumbling her way down the massive pile of junk that she had just left clogging up the entire alleyway like a sad little snowball, magically sucking every last bit of it right back into her pocket with a mere telekinetic snap of her fingers and collapsing dejectedly onto her knees in the absolute agony of defeat. "DEAR GOD, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?!"

"Oh hey, look, guys, THERE'S one!" Alphys laughed and sighed with relief, beckoning intently to the audience and pointing over at the conveniently huge and glowing neon entrance sign of a luckily very nearby GUITARS store right across the street from the other end of the alley as she eagerly sprinted her way towards it, hoping dearly that the place wouldn't be plot-conveniently out of stock!

"Um...h-hello, my n-name is Alphys, w-what's yours?" Alphys stammered nervously as she barged right in through the front door and predictably found (in addition to tacky fake-wood decorum and stereotypical hunter stuff such as deer-head wall plaques all over the place) a giant, fat and muscular behemoth of a man standing right behind the main counter of the store...an enormous, bloated, firmly toned and badass-bearded GOAT of a man, to be exact, adorned with the stereotypical plaid-shirt-and-overalls lumberjack uniform just to top it off!

"The name's Asgore; you've known me for an AWFULLY long time to be asking me that question if I do say so myself!" Asgore laughed heartily, clutching his chest like Santa Claus.

"Um...r-right, of course, so uh...um...ehehe...I'm, like, looking for a g-guitar and stuff?" Alphys asked Asgore nervously and awkwardly as could be, already beginning to meekly shrink and squirm in fear from the sheer intimidation factor of Asgore's frighteningly towering presence.

"Hmm...what kind?" Asgore asked her curiously, stroking his chin.

"Well, um...a c-cool one, w-with...smooth sixty-frames-per-second animation and, um...c-cool g-Gundam b-battles and, uh...c-characters y-yelling out t-their c-catchphrases obnoxiously l-loudly and...um...w-well...damnit..." Alphys began twiddling her fingers, glancing back and forth and aimlessly stammering in fear, having somehow accidentally confused her profoundly passionate desire for a guitar with an equally profoundly passionate desire for giant mecha animes like...Mew Mew Kissy Cutie, of all things.

"I don't have time for WEEBS!" Asgore chuckled, facepalming himself in disappointment.

"Oh, no no no no no, I'm s-sorry...I-I just want o-one that's c-cool and c-cheap, a-and of course t-the sound q-quality n-needs to be s-superior!" Alphys stammered pathetically, crouching down and shrinking to such a miniscule height that only part of her head could be seen poking out from behind the counter as she tightly gripped the front corner of the countertop with her dainty (and yet, at the exact same time, also obscenely dirty) little hands and began audibly trembling in cowardice.

"Ah, a GREEDY little sh\*\*head, ain't cha?" Asgore growled frustratedly at Alphys, cracking his knuckles and gritting his teeth as Alphys suddenly realized in horror that there was literally not even a SINGLE guitar left in the entire store...or at the very least, not one that was for SALE!

"Oh please, please, I'll do ANYTHING for that guitar, PLEASE!" Alphys backed off and did the jazz hands before finally kneeling down onto the floor and teasingly stripping herself naked for him.

"Oh, what's that you say? You'll do literally ANYTHING your heart desires for me?" Asgore teased her, grinning maliciously at her as he himself began teasingly stripping his OWN clothes off (yes, in a PUBLIC FREAKING STORE, might I add) for her.

"UH HUH?" Alphys replied with obnoxiously forced (but still ridiculously adorable regardless) sparkling puppy-dog eyes in an act of blatant, disgustingly self-indulgent pleading.

"Even a totally buck-naked three-way between me, you and LEMON BREAD?!" Asgore laughed maniacally while Lemon Bread (the especially big-mouthed and big-dicked one of Alphys' Amalgamates) literally materialized out of the woodwork and flashed his big ugly crocodile teeth at her.

"DO YOU THINK I'M F\*\*\*\*ING PRETTY, BITCH?!" Lemon Bread growled and roared lividly at his unintentional creator Alphys, splattering disgustingly black, slimy and moldy plaque all over the place as he used one of his ooze-dripping tentacle arms to grab hold of his enormous, pulsating, bloated, reeking, festering, sweaty, smegma-coated, pus-filled, horrifically malformed, thirty-nine-and-a-half-inch long erection while terrifyingly raising his lemon-shaped eyelids at her and hissing like a hideously misshapen snake with excitement.

"AUUUUGGGGHHH! SWEET MONKEY-F\*\*\*\*ING SADDAM HUSSEIN ON A UNICYCLE, NO! GO AWAY, GO AWAY, GO AWAY!" Alphys screamed and cried helplessly in terror, heading straight for the front door and trying with all of her might to open it...but alas, much to her unbearable dismay, she quickly realized that Lemon Bread had secretly locked it and set the store's OPEN/CLOSED sign to SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED while she wasn't looking!

"GOING somewhere, madam?" Asgore and Lemon Bread taunted her, both flashing her massive weiners and wholesomely bloated man-tits (more like androgynous ones in Lemon Bread's case, actually) at her while the latter teasingly spun the keyring around on one of his arms, then popped it into his disgusting, halitosis-ridden mouth and swallowed it.

"For crying out loud, can we at least do this in freaking PRIVATE like we're not SUPPOSED to?!" Alphys yelled angrily at Asgore and Lemon Bread, backing up firmly against the door in terror while a huge group of profoundly horny teenagers stood just outside the front window of the store and gawked in a speechless stupor of utterly disgusted and disbelieving amazement.

"Of COURSE; how in the hell do you THINK we're gonna do it?!" Asgore and Lemon Bread laughed dementedly as they collectively scooped the poor girl right up into their massive, burly arms, carried her over to the massive storage room at the back of the store, tossed her right in with them, locked the door behind them and got ready to...AHM...work their magic on her.

FIVE MINUTES OF MOANING, SCREAMING AND HIDEOUS DECORATING LATER...

"Well, you said anything, didn't cha?" Asgore slyly winked at Alphys, who was now completely, nakedly covered from head to sexy little toes in semen, digestive juices and chicken feathers, while Lemon Bread sneakily liquified himself and slipped underneath the storage door, then unlocked the front door, left the keyring on the counter and disappeared from the store, his work having already been done.

"Well...I-let's just say that THIS isn't exactly what I had in mind..." Alphys reflexively squinted her eyes, stuck her tongue out and retched in disgust as she spread her arms out like a bird flapping its wings so that Asgore could see all of the gooey, slimy cum that was now dripping and oozing from literally every single part of her poor, poor, violently desecrated little body.

"Well, get this, old (girl)friend; remember that one particular Futurama-time-capsule-shaped machine you invented one time that would literally make anything within its size capacity that the user's heart desired? Well, get this; if you're willing to publicly HUMILIATE yourself enough, then I'll GLADLY let you use it!" Asgore laughed as he took Alphys into the store's basement and showed the device (which really did look like the classic cryogenic time capsule straight out of Futurama's iconic pilot episode, by the way) to her.

"And, um...p-pardon my asking, but...h-how exactly d-do you p-plan for me to d-do that?" Alphys asked Asgore nervously and somewhat terrifiedly, gnawing viciously on her fingernails like how a rat gnaws on its own teeth to keep them from growing all the way into its brain...which, by the way, was pretty much exactly how Alphys' brain was ALREADY feeling at the moment after all of the absolutely outright DEMENTED bullsh\*\* that had been happening to her lately.

"Alphys, for the love of God, do I REALLY need to explain? I mean seriously, just...just freaking LOOK at yourself!" Asgore suddenly bursted out into a fit of hysterical rolling-on-the-floor laughter at the mere sight of Alphys' fat, dorky, buck-toothed, bushy-tailed, adorably blushing, semen-and-chicken-feather-coated body. "YOU'RE SUCH A F\*\*\*ING CHICKEN! BAWK BAWK BAWK!"

"UGGGH...fine. I suppose that if the former king of the Underground commands it, then that pretty much means I HAVE to do it...but just so you know, if you EVER, and believe me, I do mean EVER, speak of this again once it's finally over, I am going to PERSONALLY shrink myself, sneak inside your brain in your sleep and viciously, violently, savagely shred it into f\*\*\*ing horrifically mangled, bloody little pieces with my bare stinking HANDS once I'm done publicly humiliating YOU via maliciously intentioned mind control; are we clear or are we CLEAR?" Alphys sneered and hissed lividly like a saber-toothed snake at him, shooting him a downright nasty death glare that, if looks could kill, would have absolutely slain him to hell and back.

"You f\*\*\*ing SCARE the living sh\*\* out of me, you know that?" Asgore shuddered in fear at the mere thought of what Alphys had just alarmingly seriously threatened upon him as Alphys reluctantly followed him out the front door of the store and onto the public street sidewalk.

"Um...h-hello, everyone..." Alphys nervously stammered, blushing deeply as people from walks of New York City life gathered around and looked at her feather-coated, comically dorky body, trying hard not to laugh while Asgore went back inside to get Alphys something that she could imagine as her guitar.

"Yes, indeed...what you are seeing right now is, in fact, me completely covered from head to toe in dick glue and chicken feathers..." Alphys sighed, crossing her arms behind her back, crossing her legs and hanging her head in shame while the entire audience's faces began turning red from how agonizingly hard they were trying to hold in their imminent outburst of laughter.

"Oh, sweet Jiminy Jenkins, what am I gonna do about this, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?" Alphys sat down on the ground, buried her head in her hands and sobbed while the audience let loose a rather snide little snicker on her behalf.

"PSST...HEY ALPHYS, TAKE THIS!" Asgore whispered to Alphys, popping right back out of the front door and handing Alphys a great big two-handed purple dildo for her to...ahem...use.

"I hope you get sent to a f\*\*\*ing concentration camp and rot in hell! F\*\*\* YOU!" some random asshole in the audience yelled lividly at Alphys, shooting not one but both of his middle fingers straight up into the air while the rest of the non-cuteness-obsessed portion of the crowd reluctantly agreed with him; meanwhile, inside Alphys' head, the words "concentration camp" had set her hallucinogenic gears turning yet again as she merrily imagined herself filling the world-famous reflecting pool in Washington DC with dead inferior-race bodies and setting it on fire.

"Laboratory, Jewish slaughterhouse...it is all in your mind..." Gaster extended his neck out through her nose, split it into two necks and effectively whispered into both of her ears at the exact same time.

"Yeah, THAT'S right; MY GUITAR IS IN MY MINNNNNNDDDDDD!" Alphys yelled at the top of her lungs for the FOURTH time so far; so loudly, in fact, that everyone around her could both audibly and physically feel the force...or at least, the force of how hysterically they were already laughing at her, that is!

"LEAVE IT TO ALPHYYYYSSSS!" Alphys yelled at the tops of her lungs for the FIFTH time so far, causing the entire screen to explode into a whole myriad of flashy colors and diamonds yet again as she began...trust me, I am NOT making this sh\*\* up, though I really do wish I was...using Asgore's giant purple dildo as a guitar while dressed up as a violently-raped lizard chicken. If you think THAT'S embarrassing, however, just you WAIT until we get to the part where Asgore actually starts singing...HOO, boy...well, anyway, here goes nothing, am I right?

"Alphys is a f\*\*\*ing coward!" Asgore sang as Alphys passionately stroked her guitar like...well, a penis...while her sloppily, nakedly glued-on feathers blew awkwardly in the wind.

"All she ever does is f\*\*\*ing complain!" the audience agreed, throwing rotten tomatoes at her.

"A hollow shell of her former self and a disgusting nerd!" Asgore sang as a whole multitude of blood-sucking horseflies began buzzing around her, causing her to run around in circles screaming in terror.

"But she's so freaking CUTE!" the audience crooned while Alphys adorably squinted her eyes shut and waved her stubby little arms all about to shoo the disgusting little pests away from her.

"Sitting on her ass and eating ramen and watching anime, all day and EVERY day!" Asgore sang while Alphys twirled around like a ballerina and struck several orgasmic power chords while

gracefully sliding her hand up and down the long and firmly erect neck of her guitar.

"Man, what a goddamned utterly pathetic LOSER, am I right?!" the audience laughed while Asgore jumped on top of her and flattened her into a pancake, which then immediately began squealing and squirming in pain as the sheer heat of the sidewalk began burning and frying it.

"Ain't this fun now, aren't you glad now? My dick glue's the best in the town!" Asgore laughed, grabbing Alphys by what was left of her poor head and stretching her back up into her proper self, causing her to scream in horror as a whole angry mob of civilians (with him at the lead, of course) began chasing after her.

"NEVER BE A CHICKEN LIKE HER!" Asgore and the crowd cheered in unison as they chased Alphys past a whole outdoor museum featuring enormous giant statues of a blue turtle with nerd glasses, a pair of grumpy old greenspan frogs coming out of a toaster, a pissed-off purple slug and a pair of ambiguously gay chameleon twins.

"Never going out and getting any sun!" Asgore laughed as Alphys began panting like an exhausted dog from how hot it currently was outside as bucketloads of sweat dripped down her feather-coated, sperm-soaked body.

"Amalgamating folks together just for fun!" Asgore sang as Lemon Bread suddenly appeared in the audience and began jokingly chasing its members around as if he was going to eat them alive.

"All she ever does is lie and cheat!" Asgore laughed as Lemon Bread slithered over to Alphys, grabbed her by the tail and popped her right into his mouth like the disgusting little rat she was.

"And let Snowdrake's Mother suck on her teats!" Asgore continued laughing while Lemon Bread clutched her stomach as if Alphys was so inedibly disgusting that it had literally given him indigestion, then spat out her now stomach-juice-covered body unceremoniously onto the ground.

"BAWK BAWK BAWK, BAWK BAWK BAWK BAWK!" Asgore walked around in circles and flapped his elbows in a brief but highly amusing imitation of the Chicken Dance while Alphys did the same.

"Jerking off to anime is her specialty!" Asgore sang as Alphys lovingly hugged and kissed her guitar, licking passionately up and down its gloriously well-built shaft with her tongue.

"And every night, she dreams about being a Nazi!" Asgore sang while, deep inside Alphys' poor, poor brain, Gaster was busy playing guitar and jerking off to Alphamalga porn at the exact same time.

"Give it all you got, every little muscle that you got inside your little fatass body!" Asgore sang as Alphys began break-dancing on the street like a fat, stinky little DJ...with surprising skills, at that.

"I don't wanna hear, that you got no time or you're in a hurry to your stupid Comic-Con meet!" Asgore growled frustratedly as Alphys daydreamed happily about her beloved fish girlfriend Undyne.

"All I wanna hear is your apology for being a selfish entitled c\*\*t!" Asgore sang, dribbling Alphys against the ground like a living basketball while she reflexively squealed in pain with each impact.

"Now start flappin' your wings, you scrawny little runt!" Asgore laughed while Alphys began dizzily hopping and skipping about in circles yet again, flapping her arms like a bird for real this time.



"Then we're gonna make good fun of you until the very end of TIME, hoo!" Asgore laughed, pointing his finger discriminately at Alphys while the entire audience did the same.

"NEVER BE A CHICKEN LIKE ALPHYS!" Asgore and the entire crowd chanted while poor Alphys completely and utterly lost it and began literally pecking at her guitar like a chicken.

"Jammin, hard slammin, loud banging, f\*\*\*ing in the closet all day long!" Asgore sang, wrapping her arms around Alphys and taking her by the back in a highly sarcastic display of mock-affection as he forcefully, publicly rammed his raging erection right up her vagina.

"It's the only thing you're good for, you spoiled rotten whore!" Asgore laughed while Alphys hit an especially high note on her guitar and squealed with joy as he filled her pussy with his love.

"And thus I hereby conclude, that I want all your NUDES!" Asgore set Alphys right back down on the ground and concluded with a graceful bow as both he and the audience then immediately proceeded to roll on the floor laughing hysterically while Alphys hatefully cursed her own existence under her breath.

# Vile Child

## CHAPTER 7: VILE CHILD

ONE EXTREMELY LONG AND CLEANSING SHOWER FOR ALPHYS LATER, BACK AT THE GUITAR STORE...

"Again, need I remind you that we shall absolutely NEVER speak of this again?" Alphys bitterly reminded Asgore as he reluctantly pulled out her new guitar from the wish-granting machine in his store's basement.

"Oh, of COURSE not, my adorable, lovable little sweetheart!" Asgore giggled sarcastically, patting her lovingly (and hatingly) on the head as she spitefully snatched the guitar out of his hands.

"GOOD," Alphys angrily hissed and spat at him, "because just to make sure that you remember, let me just tell you one more time: if you ever, I repeat, EVER even DARE to break that f\*\*\*ing rule even ONCE with me around, then so help me, I am going to literally crawl RIGHT up your stupid little nose the following night, burrow my way into your central nervous system and-"

"YEAH, YEAH, JESUS CHRIST, I get the idea, okay? I mean, honestly, do we REALLY need ANOTHER one of THOSE freaking fanfics on our hands?" Asgore covered her mouth with his hand and sighed annoyedly.

"Technically, you're already IN one of them right NOW, my precious little sweetheart!" Gaster extended his neck out of Alphys' nose and told him, causing him to confusedly twitch his eyelids in disgust before finally fainting and passing out onto the ground in exhaustion.

"Well, with that being all nicely said and done, LET'S GO, ALPHYS!" Alphys began laughing maniacally as she raped Asgore's comatose body, stole exactly one hundred dollars from his wallet in return for what the jackass had put her through, walked upstairs and checked her watch yet again...and surely enough, what do you know, her time was in completely false jeopardy as always. (Seriously, how in the hell does time even WORK for this girl anyway?)

"AUUUGH!" Alphys screamed in terror yet again, grabbing her face Home-Along-style once again and stretching her eyelids painfully downward as she hallucinated herself being chopped up into strips with a butcherknife and served to the Grinch and all of his beloved Whos of Whoville...only the Grinch was Hitler, and the Whos were a group of Jews that he had captured!

"Here we go AGAIN!" Alphys sighed as she pulled the obligatory slot-machine lever that shortly-thereafter extended itself out from her ear, causing her pupils to rotate between a whole bunch of random pictures (that were becoming visibly more distinctly related to her dark and disturbing past, might I add) until they finally stopped on the number 2...which, thankfully and luckily for poor, poor her, was basically the number of parts left in this game!

"SWEET TIT-SUCKING MOTHER OF SNOWDRAKE, I'VE ONLY GOT TWO FREAKING MINUTES LEFT!" Alphys screamed in horror, having absolutely no idea how her day could even possibly get any weirder and crazier than it had already been so far as she frantically bolted out the front door and once again began sprinting as fast as her stubby little legs could carry her...only for her shirt collar to somehow inexplicably catch on the doorknob, stretch to a disproportionately long length and then finally launch her like a time-traveling slingshot!

"OH MY GOD, WHAT IN THE ACTUAL F\*\*\* IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?!" Alphys

screamed in terror (which I've personally been wholeheartedly agreeing with for quite some time at this point, honestly) as she was sent flying so hard that she actually flew BACKWARD through time, seeing brief but extremely powerful flashback reminders of all of the crazy sh\*\* that had happened to her in the previous chapters along the way.

From dancing naked and cum-soaked and chicken-feather-covered while playing along to an already-humiliating diss track in public while using a giant purple dildo as a guitar...to teaching Sans' mentally retarded, split-personalities brother how to fly an airplane...to taking care of a psychotic spider woman's horrific mutant amalgamations of spiders and baby goats...to nakedly putting out a fire with ice cream while Burgerpants and Nice Cream Guy had gay sex with each other in the middle of the street and sang a song that was overwhelmingly obviously about pedophilia...and then finally back to the complete ramshackle mess that was her apartment!

"MY HOUSE?!" Alphys shrieked in amazement as the recording tape suddenly overloaded itself from too much rewinding, sending her flying in completely impossible directions and smacking face-first into the Statue Of Liberty's forehead!

"OH, DEAR, LET ME HELP YOU, YOU POOR LITTLE THING!" the statue shrieked in horror, setting her book down onto the ground with a loud THUNK while a multitude of tourists ran screaming in helpless terror and gently catching Alphys in the palm of her outstretched hand as the poor girl slowly but surely slid down the surface of her face and fell at least something like eighty feet in a terminal-velocity nosedive, landing headfirst on the solid-concrete surface of the statue's palm and passing out unconscious...and presumably dead!

"Ah, let's just see whether or not she eventually wakes up." the statue sighed, gently poking Alphys with her torch as the poor, arrogant, self-righteous thing woke up in (arguably) the place she really deserved when you ignored how cute she was and just focused on all of the horrible things that she had done to both herself and the world around her over the course of her lifetime. Basically, she was in urbanized Hotland...only without the lava and also without the incomparable coolness factor!

"Where...w-where am I? Is...is this HELL?" Alphys woke up right in the middle of Hell's Times Square gasped in sudden frightening realization as she looked around her and saw a desolate landscape full of dilapidated buildings, barely-functional neon lights, eerily resonant whispers of 4Chan porn threads, heavily cracked concrete, blood where water should have been, mosquitoes the size of birds, triple-A-video-game fanboys, and heavily polluted air just to top it off, along with a bunch of other things too despicably time-consuming to mention.

After looking around for a good bit, Alphys finally found the Hell counterpart to the concert hall that she currently SUPPOSED to be going to back in the REAL world (which, of course, was naturally just across the street parallel-lengthwise-to-the-left from where the guitar store had been, because go figure) and was immediately greeted by yet another one of her infamous Amalgamates (that apparently possessed the ability to travel freely between afterlife dimensions and the real world)...Memoryhead, of all people(s)!

"Hey, you're LATE!" Memoryhead stuck out a whole bunch of nasty, slimy tentacles from his numerous eyesockets and hissed irritably at Alphys (despite the fact that, in the real world, she was actually EARLY but just simply didn't know it yet), grabbing her by the ankles and dragging her into the concert hall so that the Fallen Child's big show could finally begin!

"Well, if I'm dead, then this game's already over anyway, right? Man, what a pretentious game!" Alphys sighed as Memoryhead dragged her through the (again, ridiculously long) side hallway entrance to the main concert stage, prompting the credits to hastily begin rolling in shame.

SODA-CAN are:

Alphys

Undyne

Temgnastic

"Now Wait A Minute; Who In The Hell Is Gaster?!"

Master Gaster

"Back Off; You're Being Gay!"

Nice Cream Guy

"After-School Brats"

Nurse Muffet

"Now Which One Is My Right Hand?"

Captain Papyrus

"You Said Anything, Didn't Ya?"

Asgore Dreemurr

"Vital Idol"

Chara Dre-

"HEY, NO FREAKING SPOILERS!" Memoryhead yelled angrily at me (despite the fact that probably literally anyone actually bothering to read this story would already know exactly who Teriyaki was going to be replaced by, as well as what Chara's surname was), pulling the credits straight down and off of the screen with his tentacles as he finally dragged Alphys all the way to the very end of the hallway and tossed her out onto the concert stage, where Chara had been eagerly waiting for her; meanwhile, Snowdrake's Mother was handling the drums, another copy of Memoryhead was working as the disc jockey, and Reaper Bird was handling the bass guitar.

"Hey, who in the actual living HELL do you think you are, coming in here this late?! For f\*\*\*'s sake, I've been waiting, like, TEN GODDAMNED MINUTES for you! Where the hell WERE you?!" Chara picked Alphys back up onto her stubby little feet and began ranting aggravatedly at her.

"Um...w-well..." Alphys began nervously drumming her fingers together and stammering.

"For God's sake, don't you DARE come in here underestimating me just because I'm a CHILD!" Chara growled irritably at Alphys, smacking Alphys across the face so hard that it caused her to accidentally spit her gold tooth out. "And how much is that damned TOOTH worth, woman?!"

"Umm...like, a dollar or something?" Alphys shrugged her shoulders and sighed.

"I'LL CRUSH YOU!" Chara suddenly increased himself dramatically in size and threatened to stomp on Alphys like the annoying and overrated little pest that she really was at heart.

"Eh, I think my soul's already been crushed plenty enough as is..." Alphys sighed, drooping her arms downward and hanging her head in shame as Chara, out of sympathy for the poor demented psychopath, shrunk himself back to normal size and offered a deal with the devil to her.

"Well then, feel free to allow ME, of all people, to bring you back to life, all for the low, low price of just ONE successful concert!" Chara began rambling like a stereotypical infomercial salesman. "No shipping and handling taxes apply, but WAIT! There's MORE! If you call now, within the next 24 HOURS, because you KNOW we can't do this all day, we'll also give you the-"

"OKAY, okay, so basically, what you're trying to say here is that the offer is simply free of charge?" Alphys aggravatedly, exhaustedly facepalmed herself and sighed, rubbing her bloodshot eyes and straightening her back and scratching her armpits and loudly yawning in profoundly depressed boredom while the audience basically did the same.

"Well, YEAH, but only if you DON'T go trying to suck my dick in public!" Chara growled distrustingly at her, taking Alphys' guitar out of the case on Alphys' back and politely handing it to her as Alphys immediately kneeled down, clung for dear life to Chara's ankles, shined his shoes with her tongue and began desperately begging to be brought back to life in a rather exceptionally sad and laughable and pathetic attempt at obtaining mercy through flattery.

"Oh, TRUST me, Chara, I'll do absolutely ANYTHING to be brought back to life by someone as wonderfully handsome, charming and beautiful as yours-"

"STOP!" Chara yelled furiously at Alphys, growing himself back to giant size again and lifting her up by the tail so that she was perfectly at eye level with him. "FOR F\*\*\*'S SAKE, YOU SHOULD BE BANNED FROM EVERY GAME!"

"e-Even this...o-one?" Alphys sobbed, burying her head in her hands in shame.

"YES. EVEN THIS ONE." Chara sneered lividly at her before finally shrinking himself back down to normal size yet again and gently setting "poor" Alphys back down onto the floor as the crowd (made up of the tormented souls of the damned, of course) began screaming with excitement.

"But just this once, I'll let you go, okay? I repeat, THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING; make me proud, sister!" Chara laughed as Alphys suddenly felt a sharp sting in her brain, as if from someone plugging something into it, and then suddenly became absurdly confident as a result!

"Yeah, THAT'S right; MY GUITAR IS IN MY MINNNNNNDDDDDD!" Alphys yelled at the top of her lungs for the SIXTH time so far (STILL wearing her Lammy cosplay outfit and surprisingly not having gotten sued yet, of course), despite the fact that her guitar was very clearly in her HANDS.

"LEAVE IT TO ALPHYYYYSSSS!" Alphys yelled almost ABOVE the tops of her lungs for literally the SEVENTH time so far as her biggest explosion of random colors and diamonds yet flew spastically all over the screen just for the sake of adding even MORE emphasis.

"Alright, HERE WE GO!" Chara cackled evilly as the background stage lights came on, revealing an incredibly dramatic background stage set with flamethrowers and hanging skeletons and a barbed-wire fence and piles of corpses and everything while the digital screen at the back of the stage displayed an intense dramatization of Chara's and Alphys' dark and troubled pasts.

"I know you're a selfish and crazy bitch; I still smell your smugness, and it smells like rotten piss!" Chara sang as the background screen showed Alphys arrogantly running around injecting everything in what is now known as the True Laboratory with Determination, resulting in their

eventually becoming the horrific Amalgamates, three of which were regretfully present on the stage.

"That doesn't mean, that I'm any better; I'm not a saint, I'm just a taint, I am a filthy cur!" Chara sang as the background screen showed him and his former brother Asriel deliberately feeding their father butterscotch pie with highly toxic buttercups in an attempt to poison them to death.

"In any case, your cowardice is just plain sad; at least I had a SPINE when I killed my dad!" Chara sang as the background screen depicted Alphys desperately attempting to scramble her way up to the top of a gargantuan pile of rejected 'are you okay, Alphys' letters as it rapidly got bigger and bigger until she finally got overwhelmed and exhausted and slipped into the abyss.

"It might be lust, or maybe greed; whatever the reason was, it was still APPALLING!" Chara sang as the background screen exposed Alphys secretly making sweet naked love to her own eldritch pets, in ways including but not limited to breastfeeding Snowdrake's Mother and deepthroating Lemon Bread.

"Somebody come and rescue me, before a player takes me on another KILLING SPREE!" Chara sang as the background screen showed a photograph of everyone in the main cast of Undertale, with every single face violently scribbled-and-crossed out with blood-red magic marker.

"We're both despicable and rotten jerks, but being evil has its perks!" Chara sang as Snowdrake's Mother, Memoryhead and Reaper Bird began headbanging to the beat.

"You are a scientist, and I'm a murderer, but in all honesty, it is all the same!" Chara sang while the background screen displayed side-by-side pictures, both drawn and produced by FFsade on Deviantart, of Alphys and Chara standing right next to each other with equally tormented and disturbed expressions on their faces, with the former being surrounded by hallucinations of the horrific eldritch bio-fusions she had created while the latter was equally surrounded by regretful visions of the leftover soirits of all of the innocent monsters he had killed.

"So please understand, what I am telling you when I tell you that this is no game!" Chara sang as Alphys and Reaper Bird briefly, regretfully pressed their backs together and rocked out sorrowfully together on their respective electric and bass guitars.

"It might be lust, or maybe greed; whatever the reason was, it was still APPALLING!" Chara sang as the background screen showed a photograph 'doctor of death' straight out of the Holocaust, with Alphys' face photoshopped disturbingly convincingly onto it.

"Somebody come and rescue me, before a player takes me on another KILLING SPREE!" Chara sang as the background screen showed Undyne The Undying and Sans teaming up on him.

"I only wanted you to just get a grip, because your stupid first-world problems just don't mean sh\*\*!" Chara sang as the background screen showed Alphys pushing Gaster right over the very edge of the CORE's safety railing and into the nuclear death-lava down below over the fact that he thought that Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2 was honestly a much better film than the first one.

"If I could have another, another wish, the devil would come back to skewer you with fish!" Chara sang as the background screen depicted Alphys and Undyne amalgamating themselves together.

"Oh I do hope that the, the time comes soon! Time has come for me to, me to kill you!" Chara sang as the background screen displayed footage of Alphys' death from Undertale's sadly fanmade Alphys NEO boss fight.

"I'm talking bout a lot of torture; I'm talking bout no f\*\*\*ing overture!" Chara sang as the background screen showed Flowey squeezing Alphys' brain to death with his razor-sharp thorn vines while she kneeled down on the ground in screamed in pain (on the screen, of course).

"Forever and ever; you'll be gone forever!" Chara laughed maniacally as the song finally ended, with the stage darkening back to its...err...normal...ominously dim and dank self again, with Snowdrake's Mother and Reaper Bird lovingly, awkwardly cuddling poor Alphys while the crowd cheered and screamed loudly with delight!

"Well, let me just say to your credit that you were exactly as I WASN'T expecting: REALLY good!" Chara surprisedly complimented Alphys, shaking her head in disbelief as she reluctantly took Alphys' grimy, sweaty and ever-so-scaly hand and shook IT as well.

"Thanks, that's what I do BEST...well, I mean, besides sitting in my house all day and watching anime like a total LOSER, that is!" Alphys laughed, giving Chara a blistering high-five of approval.

## Sodacan; That's Us!

### CHAPTER 8: SODACAN, THAT'S US!

"Alright, alright, I'll let you go now..." Chara sighed, shooing Alphys off with her hand and directing her toward a strange teleporter-like capsule device that she had never seen before!

"Um, excuse me, what exactly IS this thing?" Alphys asked Chara curiously, pointing at it intently while the entire audience annoyingly OOH'ed and AHH'ed in response.

"Oh, this is the life-to-afterlife-and-vice-versa transportation device; it'll send you back to EXACTLY where you came from!" Chara explained as some edgy 10-year-old kid's recolored OC...er, I mean, Alphys' Underfell alternate-universe counterpart...came tumbling out of said machine with an incredibly pissed-off look on not only her outfit but also her face as well.

"Phew...is the stupid clichéd guilt-tripping-fest over yet?" Angstphyss growled angrily, her mad-scientist eyeglass swirls spinning around furiously as she lividly thundered toward Alphys while the "F\*\*\* YOU, I WON'T DO WHAT YOU TELL ME" segment from Rage Against The Machine's 'Killing In The Name' began violently ripping and tearing through the background from just how ridiculously loudly she had it turned up on her iPod...luckily, she quickly turned it off so that her pathetic adversaries would actually be able to hear whatever the f\*\*\* she was f\*\*\*ing saying. "Phew...thank god...looks like it really IS finally over after all..."

"SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOOK MY FREAKING JOB, EH?! FIGURES!" Angstphyss yelled infuriatedly at Alphys, grabbing her by the collar of her labcoat and shaking her so forcefully that it actually caused the poor thing to moan with pleasure as if she was sitting in a vibrating chair.

"My Goku and Vegeta action figures are broken, my guitar strings smell like EARWAX, my costume has stupid f\*\*\*ing sh\*\*\*y-ass anime glitter all over it, and I almost literally NEVER get ANY freaking messages on ANY of my goddamned social-media accounts besides the stupid gay-ass TUMBLR one, ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!" Angstphyss began ranting furiously at Alphys, punctuating said rant by slamming her down forcefully onto the ground.

"Say what?" Alphys chuckled, spinning around and tripping Angstphyss right over with her tails as she hurriedly crawled her way over to the teleporter and immediately began the transportation sequence.

"LET'S SEE WHO'S THE BETTER F\*\*\*ING PUSSY-EATER, SHALL WE, YOU GODDAMNED SH\*\*-EATING MOTHERF\*\*\*ER?!" Angstphyss laughed maniacally, hissing like a snake and clawing viciously at the teleporter's obligatory forcefield, pounding it with her fists, biting it with her razor-sharp, blood-dripping teeth and licking all over it with her forked tongue.

"Um...y-yeah, sorry, but...um...a-about that, you see...well, to p-put it quite f-frankly, you just aren't r-really my type, a-and I say that as s-someone who h-hangs around Und-d-dyne on a daily b-basis, so uhh...yeah, about that, I just really gotta go now, okay? Anyway, BYE!" Alphys stammered and shook nervously as the teleporter FINALLY finished loading and transported her back into the living world, where she woke up to immediately find herself lying atop the Statue Of Liberty's palm, god-knows-how-many feet above the ground!

"HELLO there! And GOODBYE!" the Statue Of Liberty looked down upon poor helpless little



Alphys with her thousands-of-pounds-weighting head of concrete and politely (but still terrifyingly) greeted her.

"Oh god no, please tell me this isn't happening, PLEASE don't tell me this is SERIOUSLY happening right now..." Alphys screamed internally, curling up into a helpless, trembling, huggably adorable little ball in Lady Liberty's hand as the statue briefly reached back, then swung forward with all of its might, sending Alphys flying straight up into the air at rocket speed!

"GYAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!" Alphys screamed at the tops of her lungs as she flew all the way up into the EXACT border between the topmost part of Earth's atmosphere and outer space.

"NYAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!" Alphys almost literally screamed her brain, heart and lungs out as she finally reached the peak of her flight and then immediately came careening back down to Earth at terminal velocity, putting her hands into prayer position and chanting desperately to herself in an attempt to calm herself down so that she could think for a second.

"I must not fear, fear is the mind killer, fear is the little death that brings total oblivion; I must not fear, fear is the mind killer, fear is the little death that brings total oblivion..." Alphys began chanting both internally and externally to herself, pulling her astronaut suit out from her pocket and strapping it on as she began burning like a meteorite from the sheer amount of air friction she was experiencing.

"Alright, let me think here..." Alphys whispered to herself, reluctantly drinking her own sweat through her helmet as she began rummaging frantically through her pockets (now the pockets of her astronaut suit, of course), tossing out all kinds of random junk and regretfully watching it whizz up above her until she finally found the thing that she was looking for...an official Halo-licensed Bubble Shield...well actually, it was more like a stick of bubblegum, but still, you get the idea.

"What could POSSIBLY go WRONG?!" Alphys laughed maniacally as she opened up her helmet, carefully popped the stick of gum into her mouth while the skin of her lips was busy wildly flapping all over the place, and then finally blew it into a great big bubble that completely enveloped her entire body in such a way that she simply couldn't help but be severely reminded of Jimmy Neutron.

"Well, it looks like I'm already headed for my destination right now, so I suppose I might as well get some practice in while I'm at it..." Alphys sighed, pulling out her guitar and using it to shred out her kickass solo yet, causing the meteorite flames around her to grow even bigger as the buildings finally began to distinctly come into view!

"IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE! IT'S...ALPHYS?!" literally all of the local news headlines read.

ABOUT A MINUTE LATER...

"HIGGGHWAYYYY TO HELLL! I'M ON A HIGGGHWAYYYY TO HELLL! YEAH, I'M ON A HIGGGHWAYYYY TO HELLL, AND YOU'D BETTER BELIEEEVE ITTT!" Alphys was kneeling, closing her eyes and leaning all the way backward in midair, yelling at the tops of her lungs like the lead singer of AC/DC as she shredded her guitar so hard that the strings themselves literally began to catch on fire, even despite being enveloped in a weapons-grade bubble shield.

"Wait a minute..." Alphys whispered to herself as she looked down and saw how close she already was to hitting the roof of the concert hall that she was supposed to have been at something like two full chapters ago! "OH, SHITTTTTTTTTT!"

"KABOOM!" was the noise that everyone within a three-block radius acutely heard as Alphys

came explosively crashing right through the roof of the concert hall, conveniently landing right in her band's very own preparation room and leaving a nice big impact crater in the floor!

"Uhh, I c-can explain..." Alphys blushed embarrassedly and sighed, picking up her luckily unscathed guitar (that, for all she knew, had probably secretly been forged in the depths of Hell itself), brushing the soot off of her body and exhaustedly shrugging her shoulders while Undyne and Temgnastic just speechlessly stood around her, their jaws having literally been dropped to the floor to the point where they were rendered completely unable to get themselves back up. "Umm...I just...well...I just had...heh...k-KIND of a crazy-ass d-day today, that's all...ehehe..."

"Uh...y-YEAH. I-I c-can s-SEE t-that." Undyne stammered, fainting head-over-heels onto the floor while Alphys and Temgnastic dutifully carried her out together.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

"Hey! Hey! HEY! PAY ATTENTION WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU, WOULD YOU PLEASE?!" Undyne yelled angrily at Alphys and Temgnastic (who were busy sitting on a bench together, discussing all of the crazy sh\*\* that had just recently happened to the former), clenching the new upcoming-Sodacan-concert flyer that she had been trying to show them tightly in her hand in frustration.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I was just explaining to poor bewildered little Temmie here how I just LITERALLY went to freaking HELL AND BACK; anyway, how is your sex life?" Alphys asked Undyne sarcastically, glaring almost-soul-piercingly smugly at her in the process.

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

"OW, what in the hell was THAT for?" Alphys whined, nursing her aching, fist-printed cheek while Undyne more-than-mildly irritatedly went over to the clothing stockpile and began trying on a whole bunch of outfits to see which ones worked out the best while Alphys did the same.

"Oh, you KNOW what!" Undyne laughed as she tried on a tropical hula-dancer outfit and posed for the camera, eagerly awaiting Temgnastic's judgment on the overall look and aesthetics of it.

"TOO TACKY!" Temgnastic yelled, getting out a half-empty tub of popcorn and getting to work on finishing it while the girls began dressing themselves up in all SORTS of ridiculous outfits.

"TOO STEREOTYPICAL!" Temgnastic yelled as Alphys put on black gloves, exchanged her smooth red wig for a frazzly white one and exchanged her glasses for those of Angstphyss.

"TOO PREDICTABLE!" Temgnastic yelled as Undyne dressed up in the motorcycle-jacket outfit that she would always wear whenever and wherever she would go out on dates with Alphys.

"TOO MEMETIC! ALSO TOO PREDICTABLE!" Temgnastic yelled as Alphys and Undyne respectively dressed themselves up as Shulk and Reyn from Xenoblade Chronicles.

"AGGGH! TOO CUTE!" Temgnastic squealed and nosebled all over the floor as Alphys and Undyne respectively dressed themselves up as Mew Mew Kissy Cutie and Ruff Ruff Smoochy Doggie.

"Well, is THIS alright?" Alphys and Undyne sighed as the former dressed back up into the Lammy costume that she had been wearing the whole time while Undyne dressed herself up in an incredibly cheesy stars-and-stripes uniform with vertically red-and-white-striped pants, a blue tank top with a great big lone star in the middle, and big blue clown shoes just to top it off.

"OH MY GOD, IT'S FREAKING BRILLIANT!" Temgnastic squealed and violently nosebled all over the floor yet again as Alphys and Undyne lovingly smiled and winked at each other and gave each a great big high-five of approval, then went back to the main preparation room to design their future band poster.

"Um, okay, so...how exactly do you make a poster, again?" Undyne asked Alphys curiously, scratching her head as she struggled to come up with anything non-band-member-related to put onto the (very clearly Photoshop-assembled) poster besides skulls, crossbones, fire, motorcycles and various other stereotypically masculine and heavy-metal-related things...incredibly ironic, I know, since heavy metal was actually NOT the main type of music genre that Sodacan was planning to play at ALL. "The band's logo has to be real big, right? And there has to be as much awesome stuff all over it as possible, right?"

"For the former question, perhaps, but for the latter question, ABSOLUTELY not; in fact, for the time being, we'd probably be much better off just putting ourselves on a more-or-less solid-color background and taking it from there!" Alphys explained, changing the nude pictures of herself and Undyne into clean ones, changing the background to blank white, removing all of the stereotypical 'edgy teenage angst' crap that she had already had vastly MORE than enough of just from listening to her Underfell counterpart speak (let alone playing the Earthbound Halloween Hack), and putting the band logo (which was literally just a can of Coca-Cola with the word SODACAN lazily typed over it in glorified impact font) at the top instead of the center.

"ALRIGHT, GUYS; LET'S EAT UP AND GET READY FOR THE BIG SHOW TONIGHT! TEMMIE IS HUNGRY!" Temgnastic began hyperactively, spastically bouncing off of the walls and yelling, throwing this game's already completely nonexistent sense of time even further out of whack as Alphys and Undyne briefly cuddled each other and then exhaustedly walked out of the room, with the former adorably riding piggyback atop the latter's firmly-toned, muscular shoulders.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

"Oh gosh, I'll bet they're already here, aren't they?" Alphys sighed, running back to the concert hall and attempting to open the red-handled door there...when suddenly, she was stopped by Undyne and Temgnastic, who both angrily displayed newspapers showing how she had accidentally destroyed a fairly sizable portion of the Twin Towers and caused Times Square to become closed off by crashing an airplane full of passengers right into the dead-center of it in mid-flight to her.

"Um...I-I'm really, really sorry; I, uh...g-got caught up in a lot of c-crazy sh\*\* is all! EHEHE!" Alphys nervously blushed, giggled and stammered, glancing frantically around herself and twiddling her fingers awkwardly while Undyne and Temgnastic glared angrily at her.

(Luckily, however they still allowed her to attend the concert with them; rather foolishly, might I add, but hey, after all, who am I to judge, am I right? I mean, seriously, it's not like almost every other freaking MINUTE of this story besides these band-preparation scenes hasn't already been completely goddamned demented almost beyond human belief, RIGHT?!)

# She's Got The Borderline

## CHAPTER 9: SHE'S ON THE BORDERLINE OF COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT NOW

"Okay, this is it; are you ready or are you READY, sister?" Undyne (the lead singer and bass guitarist) chuckled as she and Alphys (the backing singer and lead guitarist) excitedly high-fived each other on their way through the side hallway entrance to the concert stage at which the biggest show of their entire lives so far was predestined to take place, with Temgnastic (the drummer) and special guest star Underfresh Sans (the obligatory DJ) following along behind them.

"You'd better BELIEVE it, pal! My guitar is ALWAYS on my MINN- ahem, mind!" Alphys laughed merrily, standing up on her tippy-toes and patting Undyne on the back as all of the eagerly awaited band members finally arrived on-stage and took their positions, with Alphys and Undyne taking the front and center while Temgnastic and Fresh Sans basically just hung around forgettably in the back.

"GREETINGS, EVERYONE! ARE YOU READY TO HEAR SOME PREPPY TEENAGE MOTIVATIONAL CRAP?!" Alphys and Undyne yelled excitedly to the audience.

"YEEEEAAH!" the audience cheered ecstatically, jumping up and down with excitement.

"WELL, ALRIGHTY THEN, BECAUSE HERE WE GO! LEAVE IT TO SODDDACANNN!" Alphys and Undyne both yelled at the tops of their lungs in unison as the classic 'random LSD-induced rainbow color waves and diamonds puked all over the screen' effect from Alphys' hallucinations came blaring onto the background screen, only for it to finally settle itself and change back into simply displaying the band's already cheesy-ass logo as they began playing the song that would (hopefully) officially put them on the TRUE mainstream pop-culture map once and for all!

"NOOOOOOOOO DOUBT ABOUT IT; SHE'S GOT THE BORDER-LIIIIINNNNE!" Undyne sang loudly, pointing her guitar indicatively at Alphys as the two of them excitedly began rocking out on their guitars, with every important background character that Alphys had met on her journey cheering wholeheartedly for them (yes, even Chara, Angstphyss and Muffet) while Temgnastic and Fresh Sans...well, again, just sat there at the back of the stage, doing their thing.

"Every day with her is a nightmare!" Undyne laughed while Asgore agreeingly nodded his head.

"My psyche's ripped, tattered and torn!" Alphys sang, her eyes twitching all about in a fit of extreme paranoia as everyone in the audience uncomfortably stared at her hot, sexy body.

"That's why I love her so much; she makes me look so tough!" Undyne laughed teasingly, causing Alphys' agitation to grow even further while Papyrus, Burgerpants and the like cheered lovingly for the two of them.

"Alphys, Undyne, bestest of friends forever; it's the only thing that I live for!" Alphys sobbed, with Undyne reaching in and lovingly cuddling her while the entire audience collectively went AWW in response.

"All of this mopin' all around seems like a WASTE OF TIME!" Undyne chuckled, playfully nudging Alphys with her guitar while Alphys forcibly nudged her back with hers.

"From dead dogs to snow wives, trying to fix their lives! But I can't do a thing; I just ruin everything!" Alphys sobbed hysterically while her guitar gently wept and shivered.

"Always energized, and analyzed! I don't need no kids; I HAVE ALPHYS!" Undyne cheerfully sang, taming her bass (guitar) like the wild beast it was while the crowd went equally wild in response.

"And I've got a brain that's VERY insane!" Alphys sang awkwardly, drooling rabidly and struggling to hold back her maniacal laughter as her eyes disconcertingly began hyperactively twitching all over the place with excitement...and all the while, Gaster was wholeheartedly agreeing with her statement.

"Don't give her a knife; she'll skin you alive!" Undyne sang nervously, not quite remembering whether or not said lyrics had actually been written into the script beforehand.

"Gotta kill every Bill, and Jiminy Joe, and Scrippity Scott, and Cassidy Cage!" Alphys began psychotically rambling as the entire audience began fearfully shaking in their boots; meanwhile, Chara, with a devilish grin on his face, magically locked every single exit door in the entire auditorium with a mere snap of his fingers while the poor girl officially lost her mind to the point where not even someone as brilliant as Gaster could figure out how to control it anymore!

"NOOOOOOOOO DOUBT ABOUT IT; SHE'S GOT THE BORDER-LIIIIINNNE!" Undyne and the crowd yelled merrily in unison while Alphys excitedly jumped right into the crowd with indestructium gloves on hands, stuffed her guitar back into her pocket and replaced it with a weapons-grade chainsaw!

"I'm taking care of business with my girlfriend! (MY GUITAR IS IN MY F\*\*\*ING MIND!)" Undyne sang obliviously while Alphys was busy laughing as maniacally as could be and producing the glorious sound of seemingly hundreds of voices screaming in unison with her chainsaw as blood violently splattered all over the floor and walls...you know, just perfectly normal background sound effects for a song like this one.

"Cuz I don't really wanna have to pretend! (WHAT, THAT YOU'RE NOT F\*\*\*ING STUPID?!)" Undyne continued singing while Alphys literally used her chainsaw as a bloody guitar.

"All of this mopin' around (WHO THE F\*\*\* ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!) seems like a WASTE OF TIME! (YOU MEAN LIKE MARRYING YOUR WEAPON?!)" Undyne sang while Alphys went full-on Tourettes Guy on the audience, which was currently firmly gathered together and backed up against the back wall of the auditorium, trembling and collectively wetting itself in terror.

"Let me tell you about what I found in Alphys' closet! (FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THE AMALGAMATES ARE SOME OF THE BIGGEST SLUTS YOU'LL EVER MEET!)" Undyne sang as Chara began magically reviving the dead portion of the audience just so that Alphys could brutally slaughter them with her chainsaw again.

"In life, you just can't get going around f\*\*\*ing your pets! (WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE IN YOUR MOUTH, MY DICK OR THIS F\*\*\*ING SAW?!)" Undyne sang while Alphys began brutally, violently raping past mentors Burgerpants, Muffet, Papyrus and Asgore!

"Always energized, (LIKE A F\*\*\*ING JOCK!) and analyzed! (LET'S GET SURGICAL!)" Undyne sang while Alphys shish-kebabbled all four of said mentors on the running blade of her chainsaw!

"I don't need no kids, (STRIP THE FLESH!) I HAVE ALPHYS! (SALT THE WOUND!)" Undyne sang while Alphys feasted on the gloriously visceral entrails of the tragically, pathetically fallen.

"And she's got a brain, (TIME TO CARVE) that's VERY insane! (SOME MEAT PUPPETS!)" Undyne sang while Alphys carved her victims into unsettlingly perfect mannequin shapes.

"Don't give her a knife, (YEAH, YOU'D BETTER RUN!) she'll skin you alive! (LIKE A F\*\*\*ING TURKEY, I WILL!)" Undyne sang while Alphys began playing with their dead bodies like puppets.

"Gotta kill (DELICIOUS BLOOD!) every Bill, (TANTALIZING FLESH!) and Jiminy Joe, (OH!) and Scrippity Scott, (YEAH!) and Cassidy Cage! (OHHHHHH!)" Undyne sang while Alphys promptly initiated a disgustingly massive blood orgy with herself.

"NOOOOOOOOO DOUBT ABOUT IT! (YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT!)" Undyne sang as Alphys clambered up onto the stage, rabidly drooling and growling and roaring like a wild animal.

"NOOOOOOOOO DOUBT ABOUT IT! (MY GUITAR IS IN MY F\*\*\*ING MINNNNNNDDDDDD!)" Undyne sang while Alphys mockingly writhed about on the floor as if she was having a seizure.

"SHE'S GOT THE BORDER-LIIIIINNNE! (THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT ME TO F\*\*\*ING SAY, ISN'T IT?!)" Undyne sang while Alphys revved up her chainsaw, began laughing maniacally and let nature take its course from there.

In short, Alphys went so freaking insane that everyone died. THE END.

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